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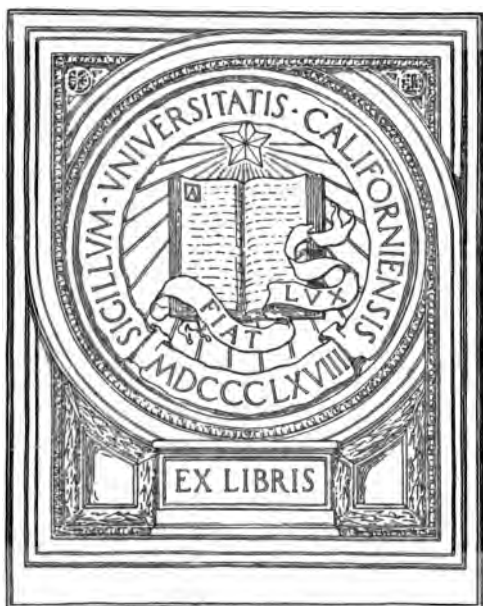
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Of all the follies of the town,
And seeing in all public places,
The same vain fops, and painted faces.”

SOAME JENYNS.

VOL. IV.

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TO THE
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**THE
HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.**

**N° LIX.
HUNTING.**

VOL. IV.

B

**Imberbis jnvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis, canibusque, et aprici gramine campi.**

HORAT.

HUNTING.

HORACE has well described the sports of the field, with the love of horses and hounds, as pleasures best suited to the beardless youth, just unshackled from guardians; but in our age of perfection, we find these pursuits not only occupy the prime of life, but descend with us to the period of old age. We have silver-headed Nimrods, and sexagenary huntsmen, in the sporting field. Nay, our veteran sportsmen are looked up to as worthy of emulation and imitation. We have royal authority for hunting, and generals who

One day have unkenneled a fox, and the next hunted the enemy in full chase on the plains of glory. That hunting and other field sports promote the vigour of the body is certain; but whether they tend to improve the intellect I shall not attempt to decide, but content myself with giving a brief account of my joining a hunting party some time back.

I was invited on that occasion to partake of the hospitalities of Castle Trevor, in the high hunting season. The party consisted of ten sportsmen besides our noble host and a cypher (myself), who took no part in the out-door amusements. I had been repeatedly pressed to make one of the family, before I accepted the kind offer; and I was to have the privilege of passing my time betwixt the literary entertainments of the library and a morning ride on my own pony, with permission to join the ladies in the music-room in the evening, or of only being expected to play one

rubber at whist with Lord Chalkstone, who was confined to the castle with the gout, Peter Placebo the apothecary, and Somnosus the Rector, a quondam desperate rider, but thrown out by age and corpulency, and distanced by infirmity and fat. The following diary of one hunting day may serve for a description of all the rest.

Early in the morning I was awakened by John the footman, who, mistaking my room-door for that of Sir Richard Ringwood, tapped smartly with, "Sir Richard, breakfast is ready; *we* are all saddled and ready to start; glorious morning! fine southerly breeze; nice scenting day; no sunshine to annoy *us*! Noble sport, Sir Richard!" (Three more knocks.) I now begged John to go to the next room but one. "Beg your pardon, Sir, but it would do you a power of good if you were to join the jovial party; rare hard day *we* shall have! desperate riding! If you were

only just to take a little jiffy to see them throw off, it would delight you vastly." From this I got excused, and John went to the right door.

Now followed the clatter of boots, and the cracking of whips in the corridor, where I heard also the yell of young Wilding, who had just *stopped up* his uncle, and *earthed* a maiden aunt, and was now enjoying a short burst, while cash lasted, after which he would be run down by the bloodhounds of the law, or hunted out of England by the Does and the Roes. Next joined in the concert of "whoop! wind him, my boy! to him there, Juno!" and the like, Lord Closecover, Jack Spendall, Parson Chase, my Lord (our host), Sir Richard (just risen), and four lads from Cambridge. "Lady Bab," now whispered a voice at a keyhole, "do you make one of us to-day?"—"No, Charles," replied the fair one from within her curtains, "I am not well enough."—

" Oh, d—— it," said the former speaker, " then I shall have no pleasure in this day's chase." " Humph," quoth I. " Nonsense," cried the belle, " get away with you!" but in a tone which did not bespeak displeasure: and here the Italian poet came into my mind:

" Deh! non seguir damma fugace—"

" Follow a nobler chase and spare the deer,

" Hunted by cruelty, run down by fear ;

" I am thy captive, Sylvia, follow me—

" Already ta'en and bound by love to thee."

But a harsh voice put an end to my soft musing, with, " What the devil are you loitering for, Charles? Every body is mounted and breakfast over: you'll be thrown out to a certainty." Charles obeyed the summons. If I mistake not, the last speaker was a rival.

I walked for two hours after breakfast with the ladies, and then retired to the library, from whence I was sent for by

Lord Chalkstone, with a request of his niece's (our hostess) that I would relieve her at piquet, since my Lord was so cross at not being able to get out, that nothing but piquet or backgammon could keep him quiet; he had even dismissed Mr. Placebo with

“ Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it !”

and had taken “ to drinking *ratafia*” in its place. I laboured like a galley slave at game after game until dinner time (seven, P. M.); Lord Chalkstone was furious; he was hungry, he said, for the first time for one month, and now the dinner would be spoilt, for the second footman who was on the look-out from the terrace, commanding an extensive view, declared there were no signs of a single horseman.

Eight o'clock, and they advanced in sight. My Lord covered with mud, and Charles covered with glory, bearing reynard's brush in his girdle, which he after-

wards laid at the feet of his *Tyranna*. Now the main body joined; and about nine o'clock the party appeared, washed and dressed, in a hurry for dinner.

Silence marked the first *course*, for it was *coarse* eating, and vigorous mastication. Repeated bumpers of Madeira, however, spoke at last; whilst an ogling match was carried on between Lady Bab and Charles, whose looks announced disappointment at not being placed beside each other. "What will you give for the rat-tailed horse, now?" said Parson Chase to our host, "after this day's work? Did you ever see such a high-couraged horse? What bottom! How he carried me over that drain, twenty feet *deep* at *least*!" (That's a great stretch! thought I.) "Mr. Charles Neville will buy him of you if the price suits him," replied my Lord. "What do you ask for him?" insipidly said Charles (a minor entering his twenty-first year), whilst his eyes were fixed upon Lady Barbara.—"We'll talk

of that when the ladies retire.” —“ (No hint though),” observed our host. The hint, however, was taken, and the female part of our circle retired.

Now Lord Chalkstone begged to know the particulars of the chase; which request was gladly complied with by the Peer of Closecover. He began at half past nine, earried us through a world of muck and mire, got over *insurmountable* difficulties, and climbed *inaccessible* precipices; took such leaps that he might have made a *reconnaissance* in the clouds, and after stunning us with hallooing, killed a fox at midnight under the table. What killing of time! said I to myself; but upon looking on my right and left, I found two of the University boys fast asleep (they had the best of it during the Peer’s description); the parson had sold his horse in a whisper for three hundred guineas; the company was minus the minor, who left Lord Closecover dragging a copse, and heavy work it was. The Ba-

ronet's gout became insupportable from the over-dose of the red drops, and we all rose with the anticipation of a head-ache. I sought my chamber, and made the reflection expressed by Young in his Night Thoughts as the clock struck one !

Our host and two of the boys devoured a *second* supper ; the former quarrelled with his lady on retiring to his couch, whilst one of the latter broke his nose by falling over a *pet* retired hound, in the hall. What other breaches of decorum took place on that hunting day I know not, except that my rest was broken by a feverish night, or rather morning ; and the next day I resolved to retreat from sports too violent for

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N° LX.

A SPORTSMAN'S LADY.

————— manet sub Jove frigido,
Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor.

HORAT.

A SPORTSMAN'S LADY.

IN the contract of marriage, if the lady be sufficiently acquainted with the habits of her lord elect—if she marry a sportsman with her bright eyes open, then is she not to be pitied; but if this circumstance be unknown to her, she is worthy of commiseration, for she may be extremely unhappy with the object of her choice. Solitude and melancholy may often be her portion, where she expected the softest society and uninterrupted pleasure. In fact, the less concealment in these matters the better, since *after* disappointments will be

commensurate with the magnitude of expectation.

Mr. and Mrs. Manorfield live in London in all the costly dissipation of high life. The Squire complains bitterly of the fatigues of the spring, the late hours, the thunder at his doors, the round of artificial pleasures, the trouble of attending Parliament, the crowds that beset him at Madame's parties, the ruin of health, long bills, &c., and sighs for the country, for tranquillity, for merry September, and its attendant sports of the field, for then his reign is to begin. The harvest and the hunter's moons arrive.

What are his peaceful pastimes, his social joys, his domestic delights? Mrs. Manorfield is waked out of her first sleep with the clattering of horses' hoofs; loud voices, and the cracking of whips continue until breakfast is over. A cup of lukewarm tea comes from her husband's kindness, and she cannot fall into a second dose after

the hunting party starts for the cover. She now rings her bell for her waiting-woman to dispatch old Thomas and old Robin, the two worst animals in the house and stable, to the next town's circulating library for the last satirical novel. Robin has but three sound legs to amble on, and Thomas is as lame in his message and in his account thereof; the invalided groom returns drunk, and the book "is not yet come down from town." Mrs. M. has a dreadful sick head-ache, and a glass of Madeira affords her little relief. Dinner is spoilt; the party returns late; yet the lady of the house smiles upon all, takes wine with the strangers, seems resigned to her fate, calls for coffee, and pretends to work.

Day follows day in the same round, and Sunday is made a day of business with the steward, the tenants, the bailiff, the veterinary surgeon and the gardener. Husband and wife are still separate, their habits and pursuits distinct. There was always

an air of triumph in Mrs. Manorfield in town, and of *sufferance* (not *suffering*) in the country. She appeared to pass over inelegancies, to tolerate ill-breeding, to endure the company of yeomen and hunting companions, to smile in scorn upon fatigued strangers, and to *put up* with every thing. On the other hand, the mighty hunter, her husband, seemed *not at home* in town; he was like a patient waiting for his escape from fever, an unthriving plant in London growth, and often as fretful as the porcupine, and as uneasy as an alligator in a narrow trough. I need not say that there was little honest alliance, and sincere coincidence between this worthy couple. It was my lot to be a visitor at their house in the country, and I thought no harm in observing that Mrs. M. was not so much at her ease at the manor-house as I had hoped, for I well knew that she had married a country gentleman of large fortune from interested motives, and that she

was well acquainted with his reigning passion and mode of life. "Oh! my dear Sir," replied she, "I am so used to it" (and the *so used* occupied half a minute in accenting), "I do not think about it in the least; indeed I am glad when Arthur is engaged in his *only* amusement, for if a blank day occurs he is as cross as——" (the devil, I believe she meant, for she looked a little wicked whilst she paused) "as two sticks," she continued. "I am buried alive here; I have nothing like amusement, but I make up for my imprisonment when in town."—"No doubt," thought I to myself.

I now watched the couple nearer: the husband neglected her completely, yet seemed to breathe nothing but confidence, and to give her credit for a perfect fulfilment of her duty, in spite of the indifference which he exhibited to his own; but he was unjust, and mistaken in his calculation: more than indifference sat on her brow, and (I am much afraid) more than aliena-

tion dwelt in her heart. I discovered anxieties about letters by the post; noticed comparisons nothing favourable to her husband; smiles of pity, and looks of forced complacency, which proved to me that the hunter had chased away affection from the *cover* of his roof; and if "stole away" should one day or other be the cry, I shall not be in the smallest degree astonished. Mr. Manorfield said once at table, that every sportsman ought to have a sporting wife; it would have been as well if he had not made that remark. As to myself, I felt somehow or other safe in having no wife at all, and in being neither hunter nor hunted; free to join in the crowd when occasion commanded, and as free to retire from it, and to be

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N° LXI.

A SPORTSWOMAN.

O'erstep not the modesty of nature.

SHAKESPEARE.

A SPORTSWOMAN.

When Hervey Greenwood was at college, he used to boast that whenever he married he would be the happiest husband in the world, for he would form his wife to his own taste, make her the companion of his pleasures, never lose sight of her, and thus secure her constancy, and endear her doubly to him by time, and by their being habituated to each other's society. He also talked of bringing up his children in a very superior manner; hoped that he should have *lots* of boys, told his companions that he would make fine fellows of them, and

assured us that he would be their tutor himself. About a year after his graduation he fell in love with a very fine girl, the daughter of a neighbouring squire; he paid his court most assiduously to her, and obtained her hand in about six weeks. I saw her soon after she was married, and was much pleased with her appearance. Hervey soon set about giving her a sporting education and conceived doubtless that it was as easy to attach her to his person, and to make her tractable and obedient to his will, as it was to break in his horses and dogs.

At first she was averse to accompanying him with the hounds, and he complained that she was too timorous and too fond of home. A little unjust suspicion and jealousy, too, formed a part of his composition, and he insisted on having her out with him at the chase. The first season she had a fall from her horse, and was much bruised; but he persevered in his discipline, and bought her one of the finest horses in England, which,

added to her figure being generally admired, emboldened her much by the last hunting days of the spring. I should remark, that when first I saw her, she was delicate and feminine, *naïve*, gentle, and rather accomplished.

It so occurred that I lost sight of them for five years, when I was invited to spend a month at Hervey Hall. Mrs. Greenwood by this time had served a complete apprenticeship as a sportswoman, and far surpassed her master, who had not only lost all mastery of her, but abandoned all competition with her. She outdid him both in the cabinet and in the field ; and not only took the reins in her own hand, but completely looked down upon her instructor.

She insisted (and she was not a dame to be refused) on my accompanying her one morning to cover. The hounds threw off in what she called prime style, and she performed prodigies of horsemanship on that day ; but in proportion as she gained

as an equestrian, she lost as a *lady* in my eyes. Coming to a gate of which her groom had the key, she observed him dismount to open it: "What's the fool fiddling at?" exclaimed she: then waving her hand to him, she gave a sportsmanlike halloo, or scream, and cleared it in a second. "There's for you, *my old boy!*" said she to me, when I joined her through a gap in the hedge. In about half an hour, the fox being full in view, she overtook her husband, descending a hill, pretty briskly, but somewhat cautiously; she passed him with a look, half triumph half contempt, and thus addressed him, "There, you are always in the way! fumbling, where's your courage *now?* when such trifles frighten you; fare you well: I suppose I shall see no more of you to-day:" and so saying she flew by him at speed, and rode down hill in such a desperate style, that I every minute expected her horse to fall and break his legs.

She had but one competitor, a young clergyman, but she even kept ahead of him. Ere the perilous chase was over I again had the misfortune to be her companion, and coming to a break-neck fence, I began to examine its practicability, when my fair hostess burst out into a loud laugh and said, "Law, what a featherbed sportsman! come do get out of the way, or I will leap over you and your old horse too." I was not slow in obeying her orders, and left the leap to herself, and rode round about three hundred yards. The huntsman, the whipper-in and the parson, were the only persons who followed, and she was neck and neck in with the first at the death. After the morning's sport, she mounted a fresh horse to ride home, and was the least fatigued of us all on her return.

A trifling dispute about the age of her horse arose, on the road home, betwixt her and her husband, when she told him flatly, that he was a *botherhorn* (a word out

of her own dictionary), and that he knew nothing at all about the matter. At table she ate with the appetite of a rustic, and drank in a very *gentlemanlike* manner; her once fair feminine face was exceedingly flushed; and there seemed to be an incipient determination of blood towards the tip of her Grecian nose. Just before she left the table, she shook hands with me in a very hearty, good-fellow like way, and I declare that her palm was as hard as adamant. She said that she should see no more of me that night, as she was going to the stable, and afterwards to bed, on account of her having several miles to ride the ensuing day, to witness a coursing match for a hundred guineas. She concluded by observing, "I always see *my own horses* racked up, fed, and attended to at night, or else perhaps our groom fellows might make them *strangers to corn*." This was accompanied by a masculine laugh, which

ill accorded with what I remembered of her former character.

In about a quarter of an hour she returned, saying, "Don't be afraid that I am come to bore you with my company ; I only come to tell *his honour* (meaning her husband) that he must have the entire horse physicked, and that the old hound Windsor must be shot, as I verily believe he will run mad, and may bite the rest of the pack." She then recommended to her husband not to make a noise in coming to bed, as she was rather tired, and wished to sleep. All this I thought mightily unpolished, not to say indelicate and out of place. As soon as she had left the room, the young clergyman said to his friend, "By Juno, Hervey, your wife is a hard goer; she was too much for me this morning: but I was obliged to take everything that she did, for pride's sake." "Faith," replied the squire, "she is often too much for me." This easy way of speaking of her was again

contrary to my taste, and seems to promise a bad end.

"And your children," said I. "Oh!" answered he, "we have two little jockies, fine boys enough, but, d——me, Clem. and I can't bear to be bored with them at table; she says, and she's right too, that the dogs are best in the kennel, and the brats in the nursery." "And," interrupted I, "do you teach them yourself?" "No, my good fellow, I have neither the time nor the inclination; one plans a thousand things before marriage, which won't do after." "You may say that," thought I.

The next morning we met at breakfast. Perhaps it might be fastidious in me, but I thought the lady looked coarse, when eating a quantity of cold beef, and I found that her voice had lost all its softness. I begged that I might see her fine little boys. "To oblige you, certainly," replied she, "but it's against the law."

They were produced, but not allowed to remain above five minutes. She dismissed them with "Come, look sharp, and brush, you little monkies, in quick time." Previous to quitting Hervey Hall, the dashing Clementina called me up to her bedroom, in order to shew me the picture of a favourite horse, executed by Stubbs in a very masterly manner. I remarked a pair of *leather smallclothes, a round hat, and a whip on a chair*. She caught my eye, and said, laughing, "What a *Johnny* you must be, to wonder at that! they are mine; all sportswomen wear them; but I say, don't tell our friends in town that *I wear the breeches*," "Certainly not," said I, although I had been convinced of the thing before.

I now took my leave, and have never visited these friends since. The uncommon happiness, social comfort, and constancy with which Hervey flattered himself, do not appear to me to exist, and he has to

blame himself for their absence. The world does talk somewhat uncharitably about Mrs. G.'s conduct ; I hope that this is mere scandal, but I should be very sorry that such a partner should belong to

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

Nº. LXII.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

c 5

Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubæ
Permistus sonitus, bellaque matribus
Detestata.

HORAT.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

THE pride, the pomp, the circumstance of war, its trappings, harness, trumpets and drums, glittering swords and flying colours, have won many male and female hearts. The latter have decided, long ago, by a majority, that

“None but the brave deserve the fair;”

and the former are still divided in opinion whether love and glory, or peace and plenty, are preferable; but there is an intermediate military attraction, which draws still greater numbers, and the legion of idlers is in its favor, to a man: it is the

myrtle of Venus, worn by Mars in the tranquil time of peace ; the glittering maiden sabre, without rust, or ensanguined stain ; the pleasures of the camp without the hardships of the bivouac ; the skilful evolutions of the field without its perils ; honour without enterprize, applause without sufferings. This state of superiority may be enjoyed in town and country, in the guard-lounge of Pall-Mall, St. James's Street, and the Parks, or in any country town of the kingdom ; where the Colonel, if young and handsome, is a star, and the Captain is a petty king ; where milliners, mantua-makers, and plain-workers, prick their fingers in admiration of the embroidered *militaire*, and shapes are spoilt by the small-talk of the army irresistible. This triumph is enjoyed both by horse and foot ; but as the cavalry rushes in at the close of an engagement, to complete the disorder and turn the fate of the day, so, in general, do the cavaliers and dra-

goons, the Hussars and Lancers, carry off the wavering and half-defeated fair.

This is of no particular advantage to society, but it causes a great sensation and locomotion in the country: and the victors on these occasions often run wild with the intoxication of success, and with self-conceit. The transition from this *active* service at head-quarters, to those occupied by a troop, or half a troop, is, like many modern gentlemen, soft, insipid, idle and unmeaning. Martial energies are here too circumscribed: all is still life, except a little private play, if there be more than one officer, or boundless intoxication, when the *head* visits the extremities; when a brother officer from H. Q. comes to visit the *Sub*, in country quarters. It is of them I am about to speak, and if a light or heavy dragoon honor me with his perusal, let him well recollect that I bear my country and its protective army in the

inmost recess of my heart, and that my writings and actions prove the fact : but as an observer of the world, in my hermit's habit and retirement, I may be allowed to sport with its foibles, in common with those of all the world.

Country quarters is a sentence of banishment to the hot-house plant of high fashion, and a *bore* (to use a common term) to the children of dissipation. In general, a pack of hounds and a hard-going squire are the greatest resources to them ; but to the conservatory plant even these are tiresome and abominable. Here the *ennuyé* cornet has little to do but to dress, clean his pistols, and visit the stable ; to play tricks with the troops' horses and perhaps to ride them, in defiance of his majesty's regulations ; and if there be no milliner or dress-maker in the village, to say soft things to his landlady ; or the barmaid, or the chambermaid, will become

his game. Should these be ugly, it is all the better for them; as it is for his serjeant and farrier, if their partners are weather-beaten old campaigners; in this case, however, the proud Sub must prolong his ride, and the curate's or the apothecary's daughter is in danger, if of a romantic turn, and fond of the gilding of *a man of war*. His idle life will then be converted into an active siege. He has a horse that will carry a lady delightfully; he will procure novels from town for Miss Honoria, or Miss Lætitia, and he will ride out with her, if Pa permits, with three or four brace of dogs, until the dear creature is the village talk. Perhaps, too, he may condescend to fish with the curate, whilst angling for his daughter; or to ask the surgeon, chymist, druggist, and lady's doctor (all in one person) to dine with him; and make him drunk, for the furtherance of his interests with the fair; after which, it is at least six to four that the lady's case will be incurable, and that neither

the priest's preaching nor the follower of Galen's practising will have any effect. Perchance, too, the young rogue will smile at the mischief which he has done, and turn all parties into ridicule with a brother Sub, when he rides over to his comrade of the black or the bay troop.

I remember two *socii* of this *genus*, quartered about five miles from each other, whose comparing of notes, when they met occasionally to spend the day, was a rare specimen of military tactics. Each recounted his stratagems and gentle toils during a morning's ride, or whilst pitching half-crowns in the stable, on a rainy day. The Cornet (now swelled into the commanding officer of the village) informed brother Sub from the cross-roads detachment, that he had won the heart of the surgeon's eldest daughter, and that in order to keep up the family connexion, he used to deign to drink punch and play at cribbage with Papa, and win what he called a *pocket-full*

of *pewter* (loose silver) of him, with which he used to purchase gloves for Anna Maria. Turning the corner of the village, and pointing to the pestle and mortar, he burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed, "Bob, pray admire *father-in-law's* crest; a pretty joke, to quarter his arms with those of the *preux Chevaliers* of the Norman conquest!"

Bob on his part hinted something about the trumpeter's wife, which I do not think proper to name. It was rather blasting than trumpeting his own fame, although he thought not so at the time; he amused his comrade by recounting the progress of his addresses to a beautiful farmer's daughter, and his smoking with the father until he fell fast asleep; adding that as she had a brother, a stout and strapping yeoman, he used to practise firing at a mark daily, and could hit an ace of spades at twenty paces, nine times out of ten; at the same time his

servant had orders to say that his master was the best shot and the best fellow in England. He also seemed mightily pleased with himself for the tricks which he had played on the village barber, during his recital of which, the parson's daughter threw up the window and said to one of them, "*Captain!* will you give us a call this evening?" "My dear madam, with the greatest possible pleasure; I am always at your command;" at the same time he winked his right eye at brother Hopeful, and said in a whisper, "Any *call*, but a *call* in church; no, d—— me, I'll not be tied to a *church-bell*, by Jove." They now parted, and Bob observed, as he vaulted on his Barbary horse, "I pity you, Frank, you must be in *hot water* to-night; but I'll send you over a bottle of Curaçoa by *my orderly*, to qualify the pint of *catlap* (tea), which the parson's lady will force you to swallow."

Such are country quarters, such the
gay deceivers who are quartered there.
If the description prove useful to beauty
living in seclusion, and too easily won, it
will fulfil the wish and intentions of

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Nº. LXIII.
SEA BATHING.

Let reverence of thyself thy thoughts controul,
And guard the sacred temple of the soul.

ROWE'S *Translation of Pythagoras.*

SEA BATHING.

SITTING with my window wide open upon the Steyne, I heard a confusion of tongues, which brought to my mind the tower of Babel. I was writing at the moment, and would have preferred quiet and silence. I looked over the balcony of my lodging, and perceived a group, in which there were at least half a dozen *belles* chiming in at once. I had no right to expect a *dead calm* with so many lively creatures near me, nor to look for taciturnity where so many pretty ladies had coral lips and pearly teeth to show in the act of speaking ;

and, when that speech conveyed dulcet tones, and brought the accompaniments of sparkling eyes, bewitching dimples, and sportive gesture into play. Two or three always spoke at once ; it was true that their conversation was directed to different objects, yet all seemed to contend who should say most, who should take the lead, and who should keep it. But if there was not

“ Thought meeting thought,”

there certainly was somewhat of

“ ————— will preventing will.”

I laid down my pen, and counted five minutes ; the conversation was as animated as ever : five more ; tittering and flirting, and these lovely water nymphs as loquacious as ever, and still in the same place. The broken conversation now arrested my attention : it was very odd.

“ No wonder, Lady Grace, (and she was a grace by name and by nature) that you

look the picture of health," lisped out a Guardsman, "you are so regular in bathing, and in taking air and exercise all the morning." Oh, I am determined that the doctor shall get nothing by me," replied she, with the voice of a syren; "I would not miss my three dips for a fortune." "Fortune enough in yourself," drawled an Exquisite in yellow slippers and a loose coat, with a very tasty travelling cap; "I know I wish I were old Neptune, and upon my soul I'd run away with you." "Oh you monster!" replied Lady Grace, with an arch and playful look. "Oh! no, damme, not a sea-monster!" exclaimed the Exquisite; "A marine divinity, by the god of war!" cried the captain. Here the laugh was louder. "You look like a rose just washed by the dew," said Lord Plagiarist, with a hectic cough, to Miss Rosa Heartsteal. "None of your compliments," answered she (nothing ill pleased;) "more like Little Pickle, I should think."

This suited me not: there was something in it bold, and somehow out of place. "Do you *thwim*?" (swim) inquired a coffee-house Cornet, addressing himself to a gay widow. "Oh! like an eel," replied the captivating brunette, and twisted herself about so affectedly, that I was almost afraid she was going to suit the action to the word. "You're much improved," interrupted an elderly unmarried lady, speaking to a sunshine young soldier hanging on the arm of a featherbed General, "since you have taken to bathing: you have a colour like a rustic."—"D'ye think so?" He added no more, for he could not return the compliment. "And you, colonel," continued the *long* standing female candidate for matrimonial election, (to a veteran) do you immerge yourself in the briny wave?"—"Look ye, madam," said the warrior, I have had enough of fire and water too for the rest of my life. I was twice ship-wrecked, and once very nearly drowned

in crossing the Danube, and I now never allow water to come in contact with me, except about a pint at a time in my wash-hand bason. I have a touch of the hydrophobia in my constitution." "And I," observed Lady Longwood "am every day over head and ears——(a pause)——not in love, mind you, but in cold water, and to day it was *cold* indeed." Here she acted shivering, and crossed her fair arms on her well formed bosom, as if to keep out the chilly breeze. Many an eye was on the part affected, and admiration was in every glance. This was in some shape irregular. Then, again, one beauty remarked that she could not bear to wet her hair, and another that she could not endure a nasty oil-skin cap: both observations being evidently made for the purpose of reminding the happy swains basking in the sunshine of their smiles, that the one had fine long raven locks, and that

the other had ringlets curling naturally, of great beauty, and approaching a golden hue.

Amongst the males, one informed the assembly that he always remained an hour in the water: A second, that he could dive like a water-dog (had he said a poodle puppy he would have been more correct). A third, that he could swim like a duck. This entering into the detail, and arguing the subject of bathing, had, to me, nothing feminine in it, and therefore had no charm, for the softness and delicacy of the sex appear to me to constitute its highest purity and its brightest lustre.

Bathing and retirement, nay, even solitude, sound well together; in parties the thing seems odious, to my sober ideas. Never, perhaps, in the world did the subject appear to such advantage as in the lines of Thomson:

“ ————— shrunk from herself,
 “ In fancy blushing at the doubtful breeze,
 “ Alarm’d, and starting like the fearful fawn;
 “ Then to the flood she rush’d.”

My reader will possibly object to me that the bathing machines have a tilt, or cover, and that there are dresses which ladies wear in the water ; this I know very well : still there is a something unrefined which might be remedied, and, *at all events*, which should never be talked of ; which, like the very proper and becoming operations of the *toilette*, should never be witnessed, or made matter of conversation ; even female associations on those occasions, beyond the regular attendant, are (in my mind) both out of time and out of place. Another hint to my much respected female readers : storms may occur, accidents may happen ; the bathing women are not *mutes*, they amuse their customers with amplified anecdotes, they chatter to

their neighbours and fire-side acquaintance; and it *might* go out to the world that Miss Cassandra Grissel was as bald as a coot, and that her peruke and eye-brows were found upon the same peg. Lastly, there are two descriptions of bathers who should be cautious of the "dangers of the seas," the very beautiful and the very ugly; the first may be the death of a languishing swain, the second may risk being hooked for a porpoise, or mistaken for a travelling dolphin. I remember a lawyer in Edinburgh so ugly, that he was very near being harpooned for a shark whilst swimming near Leith harbour; and although he cried out *magna voce*, in the language of Ovid's Glaucus to Scylla,

"No fish am I, nor monster of the main,"

he was on the *point* of perdition, and nothing but his announcing his profession

saved his life. The fear of the law succeeded, but it was *touch and go*. I now take leave of the subject, which is almost too ticklish for

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N° LXIV.
EASTERN AMBITION.

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**Il vivrait plus content, si, comme ses ayeux,
Dans un habit conforme a sa vraie origine,
Sur le mulet encore il chargeait la farine.**

BOILEAU.

EASTERN AMBITION.

Mr. HOMELY was the third in the house of Homely and Brown who had carried on a successful wholesale trade. His father kept a town and country house, and a roomy coach, the long-tailed horses of which worked at the plough on the week days, and trundled Ma'am Homely to church on a Sunday. Mr. Homely's farm was his hobby-horse, and cost him more than it brought in; but his wife was a domestic woman, and they had but one child, so that they had no pursuits but the farm and the counting-house, and when the husband

was obliged to attend to the latter, his thrifty wife took charge of the former, and thus they mutually aided each other.

His son, the present Mr. Homely, married a neighbour's daughter with a fortune. But her habits were different from the late Mrs. Homely's; she voted the farm, which came to them by inheritance, a great bore—a mere incumbrance. A farm near London which is neglected is a bad concern; and she had no turn for the thing; whilst her husband was so fond of money-making, that he never left the counting-house; a villa at Richmond suited his lady better than the farm, and the former was accordingly sold, and a villa was rented.

Now the second Mrs. Homely presented her spouse with three fine children in three years, which sharpened the edge of Mr. Homely's industry. He was for getting them all large fortunes, and his wife was for getting them into good com-

pany. From the summer residence at Richmond, Mrs. Homely prevailed upon her husband to spend a month annually at Margate.

Now when Miss Sophia Evelina Homely came to the age of sixteen, she discovered that Margate was only fit for common tradespeople, and not for a rich merchant's daughter; so she prevailed upon Pa to change his bathing quarters to Brighton, and to allow his family to remain there three months, although he could only be spared one month from his commercial concerns. Miss likewise insisted upon having a harp-master, and found such dashing acquaintances at Brighton, that their residence there and at Richmond exhibited one continued round of company; whilst the family coach gave place to a landau and four, and Miss discovered that riding was absolutely necessary for her health; her nerves were

so unbraced by dissipation, that sea air, riding on horseback, and tonics were indispensable.

Mr. Charles Augustus Homely grew up to a sort of a spurious demi-dandy, a thing between a court mushroom and a counting-house toad-stool. Ma prevailed upon Pa to send him to the University; and, at his return, he despised Pa, quizzed the commercial partner, and turned up his nose at the warehouse. He too had made some great acquaintances at College, and got introduced to some officers of the tenth, whilst at Brighton, who occasionally did him the honor to make him drunk, and, when half so themselves, used to talk nonsense to his sister.

But what an improvement had now taken place in the Homely family! Miss Sophia Evelina, instead of making puddings and attending to a farm, was mistress of the harp, played off quality airs, and in con-

junction with Ma, run up such dress-makers' bills, and gave such routes, that all the drudgery of Pa could scarcely meet these heavy demands; whilst Mr. Charles and Augustus (how different from Nathan, his Father, and old Jonathan the grand-sire!) was keeping his tilbury, and entering into all fashionable vices.

This was not the worst: Brighton was a favourable situation for a trip to France; and Pa was prevailed upon to sport his homely figure for a week at Paris. It was now discovered that a spring there would give the polish, or rather the last *finish* to his children, and particularly to Miss Eudisia Jemima, who had not completed her education. Now there was a great contrast betwixt the sisters: the elder was a female philosopher and a free-thinker, a fashionable sceptic, and above all prejudice; whilst the younger one was a die-away novel reader, and a very soul of susceptibility. The one set up for an

esprit fort ; the other played the sentimentalist.

Pa, however, left Paris, swearing at the impositions of the hotel, the tradespeople, the waiters, the servants, the expenses of the *voiture de remise*, of the *marchande de modes*, of the *bijoutier*, and of all who came near him ; and went off in the diligence, pitied by his wife and daughters, and cut by his son ; laughed at by the natives, and imposed upon by all under the reproachful epithets of *Jack Rosbif*, the *Père Gripe-sol*, *mâtin d'Anglais*, *gros patapouf*, etc.; whereas he had arrived under the salutations of *Milord*, *Monsieur le bien venu*, *un Millionnaire*, *un Richard du premier ordre*, and the like.

In his absence, Ma formed a circle of society the most expensive ; and Sophia Evelina drew about her hungry authors and eccentrics of all descriptions, who, she imagined, formed a complete *câterie* of *bas bleus*.

Charles Augustus now lived with the English whom he picked up in the Palais Royal, and being like Captain Wattle, "All for love and a little for the bottle," he generally dined in this focus of vice, and was brought home from La Rue de Richelieu dead drunk in the morning. He now insisted on his father's purchasing him a commission, which Ma and sisters succeeded in getting; but ere he joined the army he lost so large a sum of money at play, that he sold out unknown to Pa.

Charles Augustus next took to himself a *chère amie*, and lived independent in Paris; but Ma was forced to conceal his faults, and to support his establishment; to effect which, and to answer her own extravagant expenses, every post carried over huge drafts on the firm of Homely and Brown, which shoke its credit so much, that Benjamin Brown drew out his funds and dissolved the partnership.

Mr. Homely had now learned the misconduct of his son; and finding that Madame and her daughters were unmerciful in their drafts, the family was ordered home. They mutinied, however, and disobeyed, by remaining an additional month, and by drawing for another thousand, in order to pay all debts, and to bring them home. As a *coup de grce*, Mr. Charles Augustus got greeked by a travelling noble, and gave an order on the house of Homely and Son, representing himself as a partner, the more to inspire confidence, and to obtain the cash necessary for paying his debt of honour, and for importing his foreign amatory article to England.

The return was deplorable. It was impossible to recognize either the features, manners, or principles of any of the family.

Mrs. Homely had gone from home a pale thin woman, with grey hair, and of modest deportment, although famed for

her multiloquacity ; she returned with a hump upon her back, and a tower upon her head, and a postiche bosom, that General Jacko could easily have sat upon, and performed all his Exeter Change tricks and amiabilities. Her complexion was heightened to a most inflamed degree, exhibiting the damask rose in fullest bloom ; whilst her golden tresses astonished every beholder. It might well be said of her, that

“ The golden hair which Galla wears

“ Is her’s ;—who would ha’ thought it ?

“ She swears ’tis hers, and true she swears,

“ For I know where she bought it.”

Her conversation was become conceited, her principles lax, and her taste for expense immeasurable.

Miss Sophia Evelina was transformed into a complete Frenchwoman ; having imbibed a contempt of her country, her religion, and her family, and having got secretly married to a Buonapartist starving

officer, who was to be kept or provided for by Pa, and the dirty dross of the *nation boutiquière*.

Mr. Charles Augustus was not to be seen at all ; for his father refusing to be reconciled to him, he was allowed a small separate maintenance, since it now became a doubt whether he was amenable to the laws of his country for a fraud, or whether the firm was to fall to the ground by paying the large sum drawn on it under a false pretence.

Whilst this matter was in debate, Mr. Charles's mistress, having run him first deeply in debt, and then run off à *Paris*, it became necessary that he should cut and run also : he accordingly joined the Spanish Patriots, and left Pa to settle with the Paris banker.

The sentimental Eudisia Jemima was converted into a walking romance ; and in order to realize a flight of her imagination, she one morning eloped with a young officer, who, soon learning the declining

state of Mr. Homely's affairs, *politely declined marrying* his daughter.

All these misfortunes weighing upon the mind of Mrs. Homely, she fell ill; whilst the distracted husband, unable to attend to his business, and fearful of further disgrace by the transaction of his son's bills on the house, paid the amount, struggled for a short time, and at last failed.

From London to Brighton is but a short journey; from Brighton to France is also a short trip; one week at Paris is a short time; but, alas! of what eventful importance, of what ruinous tendency were these trifling excursions! Happy had it been for our Homelys had they contented themselves with the humble sphere and moderate enjoyments of the respectable founder of the family, as they were more than once advised to do by

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N° LXV.

THE GAMESTER'S WIFE.

**Cæsaque ad oscula confugiat.
AUSONIUS.**

THE GAMESTER'S WIFE.

THE clock had struck three ere Lord Fitzowen returned home. His beautiful and amiable wife, who had kept supper waiting for him, received him with a smile, and rose to embrace him. His Lordship had anticipated a far different reception. He was prepared for reproaches, armed against just complaint, and steeled against woman's tears. He had had much experience of the sex, and was resolved to prevent the storm by an austerity of conduct, which might overawe the softer nature of a female, and command respectful fear,

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where he had forfeited his title to a tender and affectionate devotion.

For five nights had he passed many hours at the gaming table. One night he returned not home at all ; and his losses in that time had amounted to twenty thousand pounds. He was on the high road to ruin ; and what was most afflicting to his partner was, that his conduct was entirely altered towards her. The tenderest assiduities, the most gratifying attentions, and the most boundless confidence, marked the first six months of his marriage. Of late he had become silent, low-spirited, and reserved ; and was seldom at home. His lovely bride saw and mourned this change in silence ; but she concealed her grief, and sought by kindness, and by soothing his cares, to win back that heart, which seemed daily weaning itself away from her.

She rose, at his entrance into the room, with the most bewitching and cheerful de-

portment; but he perceived it not. He had got his lesson; he had imposed a harsh duty on himself, and he met her with a frown. "What on earth, Lady Fitzowen, could induce you to sit up until this time?" was his first salutation. Formerly he used to take her to his bosom, and call her his dearest Caroline:—but she murmured not. "Why, (answered she) in order to enjoy my dear George's company at supper, and to see that he has every thing comfortable ere he go to rest." "Then you did wrong, Lady Fitzowen," replied he:—"supper I will have none; my head aches, and I highly disapprove of your keeping these hours: they are bad for your health, and improper, in every respect, for a woman."

"I am very sorry for that;" softly replied she; "my intentions were good; but I'll retire, if you prefer being alone. I assure you that I only sat up because I thought it would make you more comfortable; and

indeed I quite longed to see you." "No upbraiding, madam," angrily answered my lord. "I know women's tricks; but I will not be the dupe of them. Mind you, no upbraiding, nor whimpering, for I can't stand that." "Not for the world," said Lady Fitzowen; "I should think myself unworthy of being your partner, if I sat up merely to vex you, and upbraid you for using that liberty which belongs to your sex; believe me, George (it was a hard struggle to repress her tears), that I know my duty better." "That's well said, Lady Fitzowen; but I strongly suspect you sat up merely to be a spy upon my actions, to worm out of me where I have been, what I have done, how I spend my time and my money, that at a future period you may use my own confessions in evidence against myself, criminate me to the world, and write my errors to your father; but I am not to be tricked thus, so I shall take my

taper and retire to bed. At this moment supper was brought in, when Lady Fitzowen, looking wistfully at her lord, speedily extended her hand to him, saying with great composure, "I am sorry my dear Lord if I have done wrong, but do not refuse to sup with me now that every thing is prepared." She sat down.

During the time of supper she was cheerful, and unspeakably attentive to him. When the domestics withdrew, she asked permission to prepare his cup herself, and it was granted. "I have been very unlucky of late, Caroline," said he, breaking a long silence. "Well, my dearest George" replied she, "luck I hope will turn, for no one deserves better fortune than you who are generous in prosperity; and should the scale preponderate against us, I'll bear it cheerfully." "Suppose I were ruined!" "Why we must endure it courageously; repining would only make it worse." "You doubtless

know," resumed he, "that I have played very deep of late,—have given myself up entirely to play,—have passed half my life at a gaming table." "My dear Lord," replied she, "I know nothing that I ought not to know; you have informed me so; such information from a stranger would not have been received by me; but, after all, what is done cannot be undone; it is in your power to stop, and grieving is a folly." "Well said, Caroline; but I have lost twenty thousand!"

Here he eyed her closely, curiously and severely. Had she fainted, wept, fallen into real or artificial hysterics, it was no more than what he expected. She did none of these; but, sweetly smiling, replied, "*Eh bien!* as the Frenchman says; *qu'importe?* 'tis past, gone by; twenty thousand wo'nt ruin us; we can retrench, go abroad for two or three years; live in retirement at the Priory; or, if ready money be an object, George, you may have my jewels and

welcome ; you shall never hear me regret them, the sacrifice will be nothing to me ; only preserve me your heart, and I care for nothing else."

" Are you in earnest ?"

" I am, upon my honour ; and (rising) I will fetch them this moment if you please, that I may spare your naming the subject again ; you are heartily welcome, my dear George, I assure you."

He restrained her from leaving the room. " Not now, my dear Caroline, another time." " Whenever you please, George : command them, I entreat you." A few moments of silence ensued : he felt himself conquered by her magnanimity. At length he resumed : " My dearest Caroline, I do'nt want your trinkets now ; I should be very sorry to take them ; I can raise the money by mortgage, and even that I deem unjust towards you ; but we must go abroad and retrench." " With pleasure," said she. " I am sorry that I have been, of late, so un-

grateful to you." Here she interrupted him. "My dearest George, you owe me nothing but love, and that, I trust—" Here she paused—she laboured at utterance—"that, I trust, you have still reserved for me."

He eyed her attentively. The attraction of her person was of the highest nature. She was beautiful, and in that situation which is indescribably interesting to a husband in the first year of his marriage. She turned aside, disdaining the display of a cambric handkerchief, or any tragedy trick; but with one taper finger white as the virgin snow, expelled an intrusive tear from her eyelid. Her husband rose up, tenderly embraced her, and from that moment the bonds of his attachment were double rivetted. Her conduct was the saving of his fortune. They retrenched, went to the Continent, and completely recovered lost ground, being ever since the happiest couple in the world.

Her's was a hard task : slighted by him whom she loved, and spurned, as it were, for returning kindness for neglect, affection for injury. But how noble was her perseverance ! how unlike most modern wives ! Had she upbraided, sorrowed, grown sullen, or despaired, the future happiness of both had been lost for ever : for it not unfrequently occurs that the unfaithful or transgressing husband, whose proud nature cannot bear controul, much less censure and accusation, becomes himself the accuser of his wife, and taxes her with presumption, with want of duty and obedience, with coldness and estrangement. The accusation produces the fault, if it existed not previously, and ruin must follow. But that female cheerfulness and forbearance will in general reclaim a heart in which any traces of sensibility are left, is the firm opinion of

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° LXVI.
INTERCEPTED ADDRESSES.

Go, for thy stay, not free, absents thee more ;
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

MILTON.

INTERCEPTED ADDRESSES.

THE tale now before my readers is not of the mirthful cast; but if it wants the attic salt of that little volume, the "Rejected Addresses," elicited by the burning of old Drury, its good intention as to utility will, I trust, bear it out, and render it a useful lesson to the most amiable part of the creation. I was prevailed upon (I must not say how long ago) to hold a lovely little female infant over the baptismal font, a ceremony which is too lightly performed now-a-days, and one which I enter cautiously into, aware that there are duties

attendant on it which may give trouble, yet which, if neglected, form serious matter of self-reproach.

My little name-child (to use a Scotch phrase) grew up in age and beauty, lost her mother early, and was persuaded into a rich marriage in her eighteenth year, by which her father disencumbered a small property, with the view of making his evening of life comfortable, and leaving what he had amongst his children, at his decease. So far was well enough, had his daughter's inclinations been consulted; nevertheless she lived in an exemplary manner, with a man in years, of a peevish temper, and of very indifferent health. From childhood to youth, my intimacy with Maria was unbroken; she considered me as a father, and I did what I could to merit her respect and confidence. More than once she consulted me on subjects important to her interest, but that of her marriage was never discussed between us. As she

advanced towards the maturity of woman's charms, the progress of her improvement was dazzling ; and I confess that I felt hurt not to observe an increase of admiration on the part of him, who, being the possessor of the gem, ought to have valued it beyond every other beholder. The contrast between the husband and wife was everywhere the injudicious topic of conversation ; it must have come under her observation, and therefore her virtue was the more exalted, in steadily adhering to delicate principle, and in bearing the lot imposed upon her with dignified patience. It certainly would have been politic in her spouse to have set off his own homely figure by a graceful deportment, elegant attentions, partiality, pleasingly evinced on all occasions, and by liberal and feeling indulgence towards his captivating partner ; but the silly man affected an indifference and a coolness, which arose from the vanity of thinking himself perfectly deserving of his prize, and

secure in the possession of it. An Apollo in person might have been proud to pair with my young friend ; one who was *almost* a satyr scarcely looked on her with a fond and approving eye ; yet was she modest, and all that wife should be.

To observe goodness and beauty thus thrown away, did, I must confess, grieve me more than once, but it would have been unfatherly indeed, nay most unfriendly, to have caused her uneasiness by injudicious pity, useless, and out of place, because it was too late. The interest which I took in Maria's welfare, led me, at times, to watch her like a guardian, or a Mentor ; and I have come home out of humour a hundred times when I have, on the one hand, perceived the warm and dangerous assiduities of young men towards her, and on the other the unmeaning countenance of her husband, his insipid tepidity, and disgusting apathy. I recollect once to have caught a dandy Colonel pressing her hand most ten-

derly, which was answered by a suffusion of crimson over her whole enchanting countenance. She mentioned the circumstance to me, when I prevailed upon her to excuse herself from dancing another quadrille with him, which he ought to have felt, and I offered her my own arm (which she accepted cheerfully), and led her away into the card-room, where her husband was playing whist, in order to disengage her from the pursuit of the *jeune militaire*. On conducting her near the table, I observed to her husband, "you see that I am taking care of *your fortune for you*." "Do so, my good fellow," replied he, "but don't make me lose my game," She smilingly observed, "he thinks more of his money than of me" "Oh, no," said I, and I changed the conversation.

I shall not fatigue my reader by enumerating the many instances in which I endured these mortifications, but shall

confine myself to an important fact which will make all other remarks superfluous.

Being once on a visit at the country house of the couple in question, I had always to pass her apartment in the long gallery of an old family house in order to reach my own ; (I should at the same time observe, that her room was opposite to her husband's.) One morning I perceived a letter slipped under her door. Awake to nothing but to her honor, safety, and peace of mind, I ventured to take it up, and my suspicions were justified : it was from the Colonel, who at the very time formed one of a large party, and ought to have respected the hospitality of the house. Love letters are mostly nonsense, better or worse written, more or less dangerous, according to the ability of the composer, and the degree of art, attraction and depravity which they contain; the intercepted one was as follows :

“Most enchanting of enchanting women : After suffering love’s martyrdom of sleepless nights and cheerless days, after pining until my heart sickened, I have summoned courage enough to lay my affliction at your feet. I love—I adore. Need I say whom? what? My eyes have told it long ago; my silence or sighs have expressed it to the queen of my affections, to your precious and unequalled self. In proportion as my admiration has idolized you, so have I mourned over your cruel destiny, which has wedded incipient blooming June to perishing, arid, decaying January; summer’s sun, to wintry frost; vigour, life, and elasticity, to debility, stupor, and imbecility. By all the powers of love! my brain maddens when it dwells on the very idea!—Maria! star of my destiny, and idol of my love, you have given your hand, but your heart is yet free—yes, free as air—let your humble suitor plead for it—life without it would be a burden.

Say that I may hope—breathe a promise upon me, like the welcome breath of summer on the love-sick flower : then shall I live in hopeful bloom,—then shall I look forward to days of extacy. I cannot dissemble : accept a fond, a faithful heart ; fly with me from tyrant decrepitude, from loathsome embraces to the bower of bliss. Circumstances, means, and time can be easily arranged, but do not kill me by remaining another's, whilst he who adores you has youth, fortune, an arm, and courage to defend you.

“ Yours until death,

“ MYRTILLO.”

“ P.S. You will easily find means to answer this ; I leave them to your honor, secrecy, delicacy, and compassion, for the victim of your charms.”

“ A very pretty farrago of love nonsense, a precious rhapsody of plagiarisms, prose run mad, and hyper-romance !—But

the poison must be neutralized, the evil defeated. The question is, how to act."

The case was perplexing: to destroy this preface of seduction would have been but an incomplete work, it would naturally have been followed by other criminal advances and invitations; to carry it to her husband would have been barbarous, for he might have conceived unjust suspicions against spotless innocence; to have made a personal affair between the Colonel and myself, would have been a knight errantry which would have led to exposure, not to view the other imprudencies of such conduct: I therefore resolved on what would defeat and end the matter at once, provided (which I doubted not) the heart of Maria was free, and her mind was superior to flattery, and still uncorrupted as formerly.

The agony of expectation was in the Colonel's eye during breakfast time; but

I lost not sight of Maria for a moment. All was right. I requested her to let me speak to her on particular business, which would call me away almost immediately, and this pretence secured me an audience ; the lover cast most amatory glances at *my child* as she left the room, but there was no corresponding telegraph in her sun-bright orbs. Seated in the library, I opened the case ; I watched her changeful countenance : chastity was still unstartled and unsurprised ; I expatiated on the baseness of this attempt, on the insult which it offered to the majesty of a modest matron, on the depravity which must have led to such temerity, on the erroneous opinion which he must have formed, ere he could have dared to have hazarded the experiment. She looked indignant : it was what I hoped, expected, and enjoyed. Finally, I engaged her to write the subjoined reply, and I had the pleasure of slipping it

under the Colonel's door, whilst he was in the long and laborious act of dressing for dinner.

“ Sir :—You will please to consider this as an order to quit Bramble-Hall to-morrow morning, without presuming to ask any further explanation, from the grossly insulted

“ MARIA.”

“ P.S. Had I given the enclosed (his letter) to my husband, you might have looked for a deservedly severe answer.”

Thunderstruck and defeated, the Colonel sought the chamber of the man whose disgrace he had planned, and, after making a thousand compliments, told him that he regretted beyond measure that an order which he had received to attend his military duty forced him to quit his hospitable roof within an hour : and he accordingly took his departure without further cere-

mony, or taking leave. My friend was saved, and my anxieties were at an end; she is now a lovely widow, and if she alters her name, will I trust, meet with one more deserving of her, and be truly happy. 'The sacrifice of hand without heart is always dangerous. When age is allied to youth, nothing but the charms of the mind, and a degree of affection amounting to devotion, can ensure a safe tenure; and even then the elders will find their account in having a friend in the family, like

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N° LXVII.

FAMILY PRIDE.

VOL. IV.

F

Boast then your blood, and your long lineage stretch
As high as Rome, and its great founders reach ;
You'll find in these hereditary tales,
Your ancestors the scum of broken gaols ;
And Romulus, your honour's ancient source,
But a poor shepherd's boy, or something worse.

JUVENAL.

FAMILY PRIDE.

A LITTLE child, four years old, a relation and *protégé* of mine, having, in a fit of passion, spit in a servant's face, I was determined to check this dawning of infantine tyranny; and having corrected him, by a few strokes on the palm of the hand, I insisted on his asking pardon of the servant for his violation of the laws of humanity and decency. The little fellow performed this without any swelling of pride, spirit of vindictiveness, or unwilling hesitation, adding, with a tear and a smile in his eye at the same time, that he

would kiss and make friends with Mary if I pleased; to this I cheerfully agreed, and have ever since loved the dear child the better for evincing such a generous spirit of retribution, and so much benevolence at the same time. The result was, that the affront was wiped off, that Mary's sensibility was not hurt, that she loved the child better than ever, and that he has never forgotten the lesson thus received.

The great grand-daughter of a Duke, who was present, felt mightily disgusted at this abasement of an officer's son : she said that it was most ill-judged of me ; that it was breaking the boy's spirit ; that it was an insult on gentility ; was raising the servant above the master ; and that there is a certain pride that ought to be cultivated, instead of being trampled upon ; that she should be very sorry to do so improper a thing with a child of her's ; and, finally, that were she the little boy, she should hate me as long as she lived.

In vain did I oppose to these flights the wholesome maxim of, "Do as you would be done by;" in vain did I assure her that the child would love me the more for it when he came to the age of reason; she was as inflexible as indignant at me. I then asked her if she really thought that the superiority of rank was of any other utility, than for the purposes of subordination and the better government of society, and whether there was any moral difference between the servant and the master? adding, that we were all equal in the eyes of Omnipotence. Now, my friend (the fourth in line from a duke) affects to be very religious; yet does she hold the lower orders of society as inferior beings, of mean organization, and made to serve,—whilst the noble, sitting in purple and scarlet, with or without a mind or heart, with or without talent, strength or courage, is cast in so fine a mould, that he is formed to be

respected, and born to command; thus
verifying poor Burns' lines :

- " How pamper'd luxury, flatt'ry by her side,
- " The parasite empoisoning her ear,
- " With'all the servile wretches in the rear,
- " Looks o'er proud property, extended wide;
- " And eyes the simple rustic hind,
- " Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
- " A creature of another kind,
- " Some coarser substance unrefin'd,
- " Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below."

I repeated these lines to her; but her answer was, "to be sure, very proper." She then launched out into a description of the race-horse, how breed and blood ennobled him, how it made him a creature of a different stamp to his low-bred, base-born brother, the draught-horse.

I informed her, first, that the race of the horse was, probably, purer, more genuine and better ascertained (be it spoken with all due deference) than even that of his

Grace, her great grandfather; and next, that the superiority so carefully preserved and transmitted in a breed of horses, was wholly corporeal; but that in the human race, strength, swiftness and courage were by no means confined to titled families. This she endeavoured to answer by some empty remarks on "nobility and mobility," drawing herself up, with a crimson blush. It was neither bashfulness, nor conscious error; it was arrogance. She smiled; but neither with the benignant grace of condescension, nor the luxurious fascination of pleasure; hers was a smile of disdain, mingled with some admiration of her own wit, in contradistinguishing the letters N and M. Thus far alone was my acquaintance a woman of letters. The smile was from the teeth outwards; and they, to do them justice, exhibited the alternate variety of ebony and ivory, very similar to the keys of a harpsichord. But if her

teeth were not sound, her cause was still less so.

She now amused me, by informing me that her first care with her children was to teach them the distance betwixt themselves and the lower order of beings, beginning with the domestics of her establishment (two in number), an old woman and a girl, for she was now a dependent on her honourable mother; and that her uncle (a Peer) had discharged a servant who had lived with his father, and had brought him up, for calling his son by his christian name instead of naming him my Lord, which title the courtesy, but not the law of the country gives him.

I told her that all this was extremely magnificent; but yet it did not suit my ideas of religion, of morality, or of common feeling, and I was yet to learn the physical cause why one piece of clay was so different from another; unless she agreed with a proud lady who told her silly com-

panion, that the difference betwixt patrician and plebeian clay was just what there was betwixt the finest china or porcelain and the commonest Wedgwood or Delft. "Very true!" cried the great granddaughter of a Duke, and the niece of a poor peer, flirting her fan at the same time.

"Well," cried I, "I confess that I think the simple country footman's remark was a good satire on this piece of quality ignorance; for, having been in the act of laying the cloth, when this discourse was going on, and knowing that my acquaintance's lady-mother had discharged two servants for want of more than servile respect, he felt so alarmed at being deficient in this point, that when he was ordered to tell the nurse to bring down little Master ——, he cried out to her, "I say, crockery, bring down china to her Ladyship's dressing room."—"I hope," said this superb dame, "that this insolence cost him his place?"—"I really do not know," said I; "but I

am informed that it cost the proud lady the mortification of a roar of laughter from the company."

As I found that this story only made me less agreeable to my haughty dame, I begged leave to tell her another, in order to show how power and consequence, success or money, will always claim the slavish adulation of the base, and eclipse the most ancient nobility if unaccompanied by those requisites.

"An emigrant who had lost his fortune by the revolution in France, returned at the restoration, without money, and with a single domestic. It so happened that one of Buonaparte's *nouveaux parvenus* got acquainted with him, and felt peculiar satisfaction in displaying his magnificence before him, particularly in carriages, horses, liveries, and a host of lacqueys. The emigrant, a man of too much good sense to be either dazzled or mortified by such worthless gewgaws and gilded toys, took

all this in good part, and always praised his establishment. The titled and rich upstart was so gratified at this, that an intimacy was contracted betwixt them, which gave the emigrant freedom to make such remarks (in a friendly manner) as he might think proper.

“ One day, when they were sitting together the emigrant was a little sickened at the unreasonable low adulation of the mushroom noble’s servants, and observing that his chasseur took the lead in abject servility, always addressing him with prostrations, and with “ *Oui, Monseigneur, Monsieur le Prince sera obéi,*” and the like, he asked, good-humouredly, “ How much do you give this fellow annually thus to call you his prince and his lord ? ” — “ *Quatre cents francs,*” replied the master, not seeing the drift of the question, “ *J’en donnerai six cents à mon laquais, et il m’en fera, sans doute, un Dieu,*” replied the emigrant.

The hint struck the *parvenu*; but he laughed it off.

Here, too, my arrogant acquaintance forced a smile in spite of her teeth, and we parted. Offensive pride is unbecoming to all, but particularly in the softer sex. It may be asked how this lady's noble and matchless children turned out? Respect for her family prevents me from giving the shameful detail. But they have fulfilled the expectations of

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N° LXVIII.

THE TREE CUT DOWN.

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE TREE CUT DOWN.

THE man must be cast in a coarse mould indeed, who can contemplate the fall of the leaf with no other idea in his mind than that of the approach of winter. The fading of nature's charms, the death of the lily and rose, the violet's expired sweets, the scattering of the foliage, and the disappearance of the flowers of the forest, induce the most melancholy reflections.

There is in this sensation somewhat of sweetly soothing ; but there is a portion of the agony of an adieu, even in our taking leave of these passing favourites, these

annual ministers to our pleasures. We say to ourselves, as we do when we part with a dear friend, "In a few short months we shall see you again, redecked in your vernal charms;" but alas! while the tree puts forth new blossoms, and the flower blooms afresh, they are not the same blossoms which sweetly saluted us the former year, nor the same leaves whose verdure charmed our eye and our imagination: these are trodden under foot. The word adieu breathes a faint hope; it is an agonizing sound; and all parting with objects of delight and gratification, from the fragrant flower to the bosom friend, is fraught with affliction.

The little incidents of life, for the most part, fill up the chapter of existence; great events are rare, and it is on petty occurrences that hang a thousand of the suavities and sensibilities with which our existence is connected. A sigh, a smile, the dejection of the eye-lid, the unbidden tear which

finer feeling produces, while the selfish, clay-cold mortal cannot comprehend the impression,—a look, a happy expression, all these minute incidents constitute our joys and our regrets, our hopes, our fears, our scene of checquered variety in life.

I shall never forget a single look given by a father to a daughter. She was in the act of leaving the room, and made her adieu to the author of her existence. The tender parent fixed his eyes upon her for about a second; he spoke not; language was insufficient to express what that one look conveyed; his colour came and retreated rapidly; the flush was the whole heart, beaming in his eyes, flying forward to light on the object of his doating affection; joy flashed in his eye-balls, which seemed to thank his Maker for such a child; pride played about the smile on his half-opened lip; observation sat on his brow, to mark the object of his love; to

examine, to analyze her, as it were ; to weigh her merits in the scale of partiality ; to feast for a moment on all that remained of her whom he had loved. In his glowing countenance beamed pride, triumph, and passion ; yet it was pride without haughtiness, triumph without vain exultation, and passion without intemperance ; his expanded eye, broad as if it embraced her form, her features, her heart and mind, now partially closed ; it meant, "Thou art going, child of my soul ; thou art young, lovely, artless and innocent ; thou art virtuous, but above all, thou art mine ; angels guard thee ; I cannot always be with thee ; and the day must come." Here an expression of regret overclouded his brow : but the fond feeling lingered in every feature ; the eye followed its dear, dear object ; her's met his ; the door closed ; his eye half dropped ; mourning traversed his features ; but he rubbed

his hands, cleared his voice, and diverted the attention of those present;—his own was pre-occupied.

Happy such a parent! happy such a child! It was a look—I shall never forget it. For this digression, if the reader be a parent, no excuse will be requisite.

To recur, then, to my former train of reflection: even the sun setting on the roof of friendship, or of nativity, or the faint gleam which the moon flings o'er the pale silvery prospect, will fill our mind with musing, whilst another sees but an uninteresting form, and plods on mechanically to gross enjoyment, to some worldly business, or unintellectual employment.

Hence the pain which I experienced from the loss of a favourite tree will appear the less singular, and the less to be censured. I had been absent a considerable time from the haunts of my youth; added years had rendered many of the

tints of life's picture less glaring; but unaltered nature left me still alive to first and indelible impressions.

On returning to the rural scene in which my infantine and mature steps had loved to dwell, I sought in vain for an oak tree, under whose umbrageous covert I had often sheltered me from the parching ray; where I had often laid my listless length, where I had perused the fabling poet, or mused on my own waking dream of life; against whose trunk I had often leaned, and from whose site I had taken so many views of life's landscape.

Alas! the support of my childhood, the overshadower of my riper years, had fallen beneath the axe. Fantastic forms of its ancient root, overgrown with moss, alone remained. "And art thou gone, friend of my solitude?" I exclaimed. "Must we never meet again? The axe and the mattock may have stricken thee from the face of

the land ; but they never can root thee from the seat of memory." I left the spot where the old tree had stood with disgust and disappointment. I questioned myself as to the propriety of being afflicted at such a circumstance.

" Thus it is," said I to myself, " when we wander through life, when we migrate to foreign countries, and journey far from home ; on returning to the spot whence we bent our way, we seek the protective shelterer of our infant years ; we look in vain for the friend or patron on whom we leaned for support, under whose shade we grew into maturity ; whose ample arms spread like branches, to defend us from life's storms and from the inclemency of misfortunes ; whose influence enabled us to weather life's uncertain gale ; to whom we looked up with fond and laudable ambition, with imitative admiration. We fondly expected to be near each other

once more, to grow a little while side by side in the garden of life; but alas! the axe of time has struck his root; his towering head is laid low; we see of the tree or of the revered friend nothing but the turf. The manly beauty, lordly strength and blooming years, like the lofty form and leafy pride of my favourite tree, are sought in vain; they are swept off from the face of nature, torn from the living record, to return no more."

Never did I walk home with more lengthened step, with more heavy measured pace, with more unforeseen dejection than on this occasion. The forest was blooming, and coming beauties smiled all around me; but it was a new world to me. The genii of the woods were all strangers to me; my affections, my acquaintance, hung on none of them; like foreign scenes, they might all be objects of wonder, of curiosity; but not of interest,

of habit, or of affection. It may seem ridiculous—but so it was; I felt a regretful discontent, which embittered my morning's ramble; the loss of his old favourite tree was a transient but serious vexation to

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Nº LXIX.

THE HUSBANDMAN'S RETURN.

VOL. IV.

G

• **Non omnibus arbusta juvant humilesque myricæ.**

HORAT.

THE HUSBANDMAN'S RETURN.

THE garden and the field suit not every taste ; nor is the rearing of the green myrtle, or flowering shrub, an amusement sufficiently active for every mind. As for mine, although I generally prefer the rurality of Grosvenor Square, and the rare verdure of Lady Languish's balcony, although I can wander, "*not unseen*," in town conservatories, inhale the sweets of Mr. Smith's Bond Street odours, and admire the costly shrubs and evergreens at a winter's ball, yet I am not dead to the delights which nature's hand strews over our path in the

country; I am not unmoved by the works of the creation in the field or forest, by the "cool grot, or mossy cell." Hence, during my solitary rambles in the country, I am never at a loss for objects of meditation and sympathy.

After one of these perambulations I was hastening back to Percy Abbey, fearful of being overtaken by darkness. It was in the autumn of the year; the sun had already sunk low in the horizon, the smoke arose from the cottage chimneys, and the trees threw lengthened shadows over the meadows. I had proceeded but a few paces on my return, when a healthy and rather handsome female peasant, with three chubby children and a mongrel dog, passed me. The faithful animal now gave a bark, which I recognized for an expression of extreme joy, and sprang forward, followed by the three children, who were shouting with exultation.

Now appeared a sturdy, athletic, sun-burnt labourer, bearing his coat and the implements of his daily employment on his shoulder; these were soon seized by the little children, who clung round his knees and climbed up to embrace him. The dog was prostrate in homage at his feet; and his faithful partner quickened her pace, smiling in warm affection, to welcome his long wished for arrival. Nor was the good man indifferent to the passing scene; the youngest child was embraced again and again; affectionate caresses were bestowed on the others; the implements of husbandry were divided amongst them, which they proudly shouldered, and carried off, running by their parents' side. The wife drew near, and instead of a formal embrace, received a tap on the cheek, in pure play and kindness; and the peasant leant his arm on her shoulder, and walked home

in that attitude, with dog Tray frisking and courvetting it before him. On his way (for I followed him) he gave an apple, which he had picked up, to his wife, tasting the first bit himself by way of encouragement, and divided another amongst the children; he then threw the small remnant of some black bread to the dog. Soon afterwards he pulled from his bosom an unfledged linnet, and descanted to his children on the crime of bird's-nesting, observing, "I'm afeard, Poll, that we sha'n't be able to rear *un*, but will do what we can; the poor thing would a been dead in an hour if I hadn't a pickt *un* up."

In all this there was so much good feeling, that I was convinced the man was happy in himself and family, because he deserved to be so. The picture of the dependence of a fond wife and young growing family on his sole masculine and laborious exertions, could not be de-

void of interest; to him they literally looked up; he was the world to them. For them he climbed the steep mountain, and forded the marshy pool; for them the lofty elm and tough ash groaned beneath his stroke; for them, late and early, he bore all changes of weather, the biting cold of the wintry morn, the scorching noon-tide ray of the summer solstice; wind, rain, and the long inclement season: to all varieties of hardship was his frame exposed, and his youthful features bore traces of their ravages. All this could only be repaid with love; it was all he asked, nay, he even seemed not to claim that; it was a free gift, a willing return for his hard earnings and anxious toil.

It strikes me that such a life must be very conducive to the purest morality, and to the practice of the meeker virtues. The transition from industry to domestic bliss, the intermingling of toil with contentedness, and a submission to the will of Pro-

vidence, the filling up of every hour in days of labour, and the grateful feeling of the sabbath's repose, leave no room for temptations, no occasion for envy, avarice or ambition. The absence of variety, so far from producing (in an humble and healthy frame) disgust and tedium, has a diametrically opposite effect ; work is performed from habit, and rest is welcome from its known beneficial effects ; whereas the appetite and mind, depraved by fanciful cravings, and tired of every worn-out amusement, paralyze almost every feeling ; and destroy the energies of the imagination.

I have often looked back to this little domestic group with so much pleasure, that I have drawn the whole family, not forgetting Tray, just as I first saw them : they are no drawing-room figures, but they do very well for the humble cell of

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Nº LXX.

THE EMBARKATION.

G 5

Still, my belov'd, still keep in mind,
However far remov'd from me,
That there is one thou leav'st behind,
Whose breast respires for only thee.

T. MOORE.

THE EMBARKATION.

THE morning was uncommonly fine ; and an autumnal sun had gilded over the foliage of the trees, and given to them tints (never-fading in my memory) which I had been accustomed to behold, in my youth, at the falls of the Clyde. There, after a shower, I used to admire the majesty of the scenery, greatly increased by the augmented body of the precipitated torrent, by the sonorous rush of the proud Clyde, and by the innumerable transparent gems which nature hung on the drooping branches ; whilst the ardent ray brightened in the highest possible degree the pros-

pect, and reflected the prismatic colours in the waters; and the little warblers, shaking their feathered robes, emerged from their concealment, and distended their harmonious throats, as if to adore the God of Nature.

Loth to remain at home, with bricks, and mortar, and stacks of chimnies for my prospect, and the dissonant cries of the dustman and the harsher fishwoman for my only music, I quitted my apartment, and strolled down St. James's Park. The trees bore a rich variegated livery, and the grass had acquired a peculiarly grateful green from the freshening shower and highly glowing sun.

My eyes were soon attracted by the marching off of the guard, with drums, trumpets, colours flying, and all other "pomp and circumstance of war." This, however, was all transient pageantry to me, for my attention was soon engrossed by another object.

As the colours were approaching, an aged Highlander, ill dressed, but preserving the national bonnet, halted and fronted. He had nothing of the soldier about him but his air, but that undeniably proved that he had served his country.

At the moment when the colours passed, he lifted the bonnet from his head with reverential solemnity, and stood gracefully, though motionless, for awhile, his head erect, and his countenance expressing a mental elevation above the common race of men. When the royal standard had passed him, and had received his sincere and respectful salute, unconscious of being observed, he followed it, marching in ordinary time, and with his stick carried like a musket on his shoulder, until the colours were lodged. He then halted, looked wistfully, passed the palm of his hand across his forehead, exclaimed, "Heigh, heigh! I hae seen the day!" and moved on with dejected countenance and regretful step.

Though, all this time, the poor Highlander little thought that he was an object of attention, the eyes of hundreds were upon him.

The observer of nature admired him ; and the fool laughed at him ; for "fools scoff at that for which sages have died." He was wholly unaffected by these different feelings ; and as I attempted to speak to him, he gave me a look of contempt, doubled his pace, and escaped from me.

It would be out of place to offer any comment on this brief scene : every man of feeling will make his own. He who has fought and bled for his native land, will appreciate it well. I must confess that I was much more affected by the Highlander's exclamation, than by a corresponding one in Kean's representation of Othello ; because the former was uttered by the actor of nature, the latter by the pupil of art. To me, the poor Highlander's

"Heigh ! heigh ! I hae seen the day,"

had more effect, and went more directly to the heart than

“ Farewell ! Othello’s occupation’s gone ! ”

This circumstance very naturally led me to reflect on the many varied scenes of a soldier’s life ; and that of an embarkation first presented itself to my mind’s eye. I have been a spectator of it repeatedly ; and never without the liveliest interest, without an affectionate leaning towards those meritorious men who

“ Have done the state some service ; ”

never without a conviction that the vulgar world knows not how to appreciate sufficiently the military character, who ought to have a home and a welcome wherever his countrymen dwell, which the immortal Burns claims for him in the language of nature, and in that of the heart :

“ The brave, poor soldier ne’er disdain,

“ Nor treat him as a stranger,—

“ Remember he’s his country’s stay

“ In day and hour of danger.”

But to return to the embarkation. This is a more serious act in the drama of a soldier's life than the march ; here time and tide, distance and danger, absence and hostile clime are all before him ; perils by land and sea, the bullet's lottery, and the chances of war press thickly around him ; and when adverse circumstances do occur, it may be said of them, as of sorrows, in the language of our highly inspired bard Shakespeare :

“ When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
“ But in battalions.”

The signal for sailing is made ; *blue Peter* is at the mast-head ; all further delays are inadmissible ; even those who are indulged with a last moment, must now embark :—the bustle previous to this is now at an end ; and an awful silence succeeds to the neighing of steeds, to the ringing of arms and of spurs, to the “ thought drowning ” rattle of the drum, the loud shrill clarion, and the warning bugle. Those who are embarked, crowd the deck

and look their last at wives and sweet-hearts, parents, relations, and friends. You may see, in the young soldier two distinct expressions, stifled tenderness and struggling manhood ; or a momentary vacuity proceeding from a

“ — blindness to the future, kindly given.”

Pope.

The expression of the seasoned veteran's face is only *gravity*. But how often have I read, in the sun-burnt countenance of the experienced warrior, the language which proved to me that

“ O'er his dark mind, the light of years gone by,

“ Gleamed like the meteors of a northern sky.”

Now the last boats put off to the transport, and the interest and incidents thicken together. Here a tender adieu is taken, in the style of our prefatory lines ; there mute affliction sits on a husband's brow ; the silence of a hero in the last boat, wrapped in his horse-cloak, speaks a vo-

lume ; whilst yon female statue on the water's brink, motionless for a time, and rivetted to the spot, needs no narrative to picture her despair. The chilly coldness of agony has succeeded to the feverish conflict of hope and fear :

“(Her) heart grew cold, it felt not then ;

“ When will it cease to feel again ?”

Montgomery.

Hands and handkerchiefs are now waved on each side. Children (alas ! perhaps doomed shortly to be fatherless) are held up to the diminishing view of the authors of their days. Tears and prayers are traced in looks and sighs, till distance and darkness throw a mantle over the whole scene.

But here again the national characters are clearly discernible. “ Sailor, pray carry that parcel to the lady whom you see there on the pier,” cries a youthful English lover, as he steps on the ship's deck, with an air of assumed ease deeply tinged with

melancholy. "Poor Emily!" scarcely whispers to himself a guard Exquisite, whilst he takes a peep at a miniature hidden in his bosom. Donald looks important: it is to cheat his feelings of their tenderness; see him walk the deck with great stateliness, but he is whistling

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot;"

and his notes are in a subdued tone. "Blood and —s!" cries Pat, in a fierce manner to a neighbouring soldier, "can't you sit steady in the boat? and be — to you?" But why is all this blustering? The milk of human kindness is overflowing in his system, and he must dragoon it down; for he has a lacerated corner in his heart, and the rising of his comrade, in order to keep in view a well known object left behind, is too much for his sensibility, and even whiskey is not now at hand, to come to his aid against the foe of his peace.

Such is an embarkation; and thus does all powerful nature speak in different lan-

guages. The finer feelings are delicately expressed, but truth will be out. The cold, unfeeling clay-clod, lolling in his equipage, or drawling about in idleness on the spot, may witness such an event with a dull, indifferent eye, may confine his remarks to "A d——d fine regiment that which embarked last;" or, "a d——d fine girl that, with the light-bob in green facings, crying her pretty black eyes out!" Such a one may crack his joke on broken hearts and broken vows,—may be witty about undone maidens, and unpaid bills—but heartless must such an animal seem to a true Briton, fond of his country's glory, and bound to his fellow-man; proud of the honour of his King, and alive to the renown of his army. The sight of an embarkation is no common spectacle, nor one the effect of which will easily be forgotten by those whose hearts are like that of

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N° LXXI.

ALTERED VIEWS.

**Multa ferunt anni venientes comoda secum,
Multa recedentes adimunt.**

HORAT.

ALTERED VIEWS.

DISTANCE has the same effect upon the mind as upon the eye, and as we sail along the stream of time, the objects which we approach are ever increasing in magnitude, whilst those which we leave behind us are diminishing.

“What is that which appears in the offing?” said the fair Eliza Weatherly to Sir John, her father, who had just completed his sixtieth year. “My dear,” replied he, “I see nothing but a white streak in the horizon.” “Dear me!” (a little impatiently) cried the vivacious girl,—

“dear me, pa, take the telescope : it is a very large ship, the streak which you see is the French coast ;” for our reader must know that the Baronet and his daughter were looking out of a bow-window at Walmer. He heaved a sigh, and rubbed the glass of his telescope, for he saw nothing of the object in question with his naked eye.

He was a long time in adjusting the glass to the proper focus. “La ! pa, how blind you are,” incautiously exclaimed Eliza ; “why I can see the people moving on deck.” Here a hectic flush passed across the Baronet’s countenance ; his hand shook, and, sighing a second time, he replied, “my dear child, you and I are very different ; you are eagerly gaining the acclivity of life, whilst your poor father is gliding down its slope, which leads precipitately to the vale of years, and terminates in the shadow of death.” She burst into tears, and, throwing her arms round his neck,

cried, "a thousand pardons, my dear, tender, good papa; I hate myself for my rudeness; this unfeeling vivacity of mine betrays me into many an error;—pardon, a thousand pardons." Here she embraced him again.

"Child of my heart," said the father, wiping a tear from his eye, which stood responsively to thank her for her affectionate and generous return to duty: "it is not unfeeling hastiness, it is thy precipitate decisions, thy imprudent conclusions, thy superficial view of things, or mere glance at first appearances, not a want of sensibility, which betrays thee into error. Thus was thy dear mother; she was a Cambrian, and I always found that the burst of exquisite sensibility followed the least intemperate heat of her mind; that tenfold retribution succeeded the slightest offence which hastiness produced in her deportment. With such characters, if you oppose to irritability the ægis of wis-

dom, the placid front of patience, the calm return of tender expostulation, or unmoved suffering clad in forgiveness, and in love unaltered by a fault, the sharp point of irascibility recoils upon themselves; it wounds them in the tenderest part, and they become at once the objects of our pity and of our benevolence. But, my child, I now see the vessel plainly enough, so get ready for a morning walk."

She kissed her father's forehead, and flew off, delighted to be re-admitted to his affection, to his forgiveness, to his confidence, and to his much esteemed society. "Maria," exclaimed she, impatiently, "make haste with my reticule and pelisse. Dear me! how you creep; one would think that you were walking in your sleep; Pa's waiting, I tell you." "Yes, love," interrupted the Baronet, "but he is not so impatient as his daughter; do, my child, be more moderate in every thing; dignity and composure, the

offspring of good breeding and of conscious propriety, are the greatest ornaments of woman : therefore do, my dear Eliza, be more moderate." "I will, Pa," replied she, blushing ; " but," linking her arm in his, " if I were more moderate, I should not love you so well, although I know that I am a silly, inconsiderate thing." Here she hung her head archly and fascinatingly. The father patted her cheek, flushed with feeling, and was silent for a moment, for her remark was unanswerable.

In the course of their ramble he gave her much wholesome advice, seasoned with palatable cheerfulness, and made sweet by affection and a tone of endearment. Happy is the father, round whose heart and arm the woodbine of youth and beauty, his companion and his daughter, twines, warming the aged stem with her filial love, gracing its appearance by her vernal

charms, leaning on him for support, and looking up to him for protection and edification.

“ You remember the vessel which we saw this morning?” said the Baronet, by way of taking occasion to reason a little. “ My dear Pa,” replied she, “ never mention that ship any more, which occasioned my undutiful gust of impatience.” The father smiled. “ My child,” added he, “ I only mentioned the ship (she blushed) to give you an idea how our views alter with the successive seasons of life, as the prospect of the mariner is constantly changing whilst his bark speeds swiftly on her course. Our spring is inviting; our summer is the zenith of enjoyment; autumn is gilded but declining, smiling but insincere; winter is all gloom; chills of past warmth and pleasure, tears of broken remembrance, darkness, horror, and awful close. With all of these

do our views vary ; our very last conclusions are imperfect, and then comes the end of all."

Eliza had now not a passion awake but filial tenderness, her look was that of attention ; all was calm and subdued within her bosom. There was a lovely quietude in her countenance, like a picture in good keeping, and she scarcely dared to draw her breath, so fondly did she hang upon her parent's words.

" When first I entered into manhood," said her father, conquering a rising sigh, " I was like a youth disporting upon a bank of flowers: so varied, yet so numerous were the objects of attraction, that I knew not which first to embrace. My friends were fond ; my neighbours were inviting ; and my sky was without a cloud. The day of delight seemed almost too long, the climate too ardent: yet the dial warned me that old Time was running his race. In my hastiness to catch at the flowers

which encompassed me, I often mistook the thorn for the fragrant blossom, or more generally gathered both promiscuously together. Many a modest flower did I injudiciously pass by, to cull a gaudier one, which scarcely decked my pride a few moments ere it faded, and fell worthless from my grasp. Many an object which appeared of immense volume at first sight, dwindled into nothing in the distance of time, or only glittered in a false light, and proved a foil, a bit of tinsel, or a glow-worm, upon touching it.

“ Thus, my dearest Eliza, first impressions are strong, new views are attractive; near objects seem ample and apparent, whilst very few stand the test of distance and of time, of absence and remote operations. The services of my young friends seemed immeasurable and never-ending; yet when weighed in the scale of reason, they frequently turned out to have no solidity at all, but to be composed of light flattery,

gilded promise, debased with the alloy of self-interest." (Eliza looked dejected and disappointed.) "Pleasure shone, resplendent, like the brightest of constellations, lighting my wandering steps to the bowers of bliss, until the day-star of truth arose, and showed me that I had been in a waking dream, and the taper of enjoyment went out, self extinguished, in my hand.

"Thus it is, my child, that when we are surrounded by a cloud on a mountain top, its size seems prodigious, we are lost in its volume, and seem wrapt in its misty bosom; but, when the mature sun sheds its powerful influence upon it, it melts and proves but a fleeting vapour. Such, such is the haze of transitory enjoyments. Could we pass dispassionately through them, we should neither be dazzled by the glare of their allurements, nor lost in the gloom of their disappointments; we should neither be elated in the twinkling

light of prosperity, nor dejected in the shade of adversity."

Doubts and difficulties passed across Eliza's brain, but she uttered not a word. Her fond father was now making up his mind to touch on love; 'twas a hazardous subject.—the bare mention required delicacy, prudence, and great moderation. In painting the dangers of love, glowing colours are to be avoided, if the picture be for a young beholder; exaggeration of deformity is equally unadvisable, for the youthful eye rejects it immediately. What if we name it not at all? In that case, its novelty may, at a future time, be irretrievably ruinous.

At this moment, a handsome young hussar passed by, drawn by four fiery steeds, and followed by two well appointed attendants, and as many dogs as young Actæon when going to the chase. Eliza's eyes sparkled. The *jeune militaire* smiled

his most becoming smile,—a mixture of respect, consideration and regard. Eliza's eyes smiled in return. He kissed his hand; salutations were exchanged; half of the wise counsel was forgotten! But that the moral may not be entirely lost is fervently hoped by

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

Nº LXXII.

PLAIN WIVES.

When Loveless married Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny,
"I chose her," says he, "like old plate,
"Not for the fashion, but the weight."

PLAIN WIVES.

WHEN I meet a man with a plain wife (and when I say a plain wife, I mean an ugly one), I always consider him to be a very clever man, or a great rascal,—a man above sensuality and prejudice, or one basely avaricious, deficient in intellect, and beneath contempt.

And here, with all due deference to plain women, we have seen women without regular features, without brilliant attractions, without perfect symmetry, or the captivating blaze of charms, who have had eyes and teeth, smiles and dimples, pro-

portions and fascinations, which quite justify admiration, and warrant immutable attachment: not to mention the graces of the mind, more talked of than known, and which generally attract *ex post facto* devotion, and rather take root after marriage, than spring spontaneously in the early days of courtship. A little culture is absolutely necessary for such a growth; for a first interview, beauty must either be the pure gas of loveliness, or at least highly gifted with external perfections, glossed over with the very witchery of manner. Manner alone suits better the friend than the mistress; and, *bien entendu*, every wife should be the mistress, not only of the purse and castle, but of the heart.

When I meet a man with an ugly wife I naturally inquire into her temper, her habits, her family, her education, her abilities, and her possessions; I then inquire as to the parity or disparity in age of the wedded couple, and the circumstances

which brought them together. If I find that her temper be soft, feminine, and persuasive, her habits moral, exemplary and retired, her family unexceptionable, and her education and talents above the ordinary standard ; and if, at the same time, I discover that her husband and herself have been long enough acquainted to know each other, and to be under no influence of caprice, I set down the man for a man of experience and of no common share of discernment.

Such a man has, in general, closed the summer of life, and has wit enough to be aware of what vital importance and paramount interest it is, to the sequel of his voyage, to have more of a companion and friend in the matrimonial mixture, than of any other ingredients. A man of a certain age may venture to take such a spouse ; and he will find security and happiness. Every breath of flattery may fan a beauty, but they shake not the woman of superior

talent, for “ *Le souffle du zéphyr peut plier le roseau ; il n’agite pas le chêne.*”

There are often circumstances of long custom and growing affection, which fully and satisfactorily explain the preference given to a woman who has no share of personal charms to boast of: the most striking of these is early habit. Two beings may have so grown up together, that friendly inclination, and a sympathetic leaning towards each other, may produce a tender, progressive, and at last inseparable union: just as we see the branches of opposite trees creep together, and, combining their shade, unite in one embrace; as though they leaned forward for support, received each other’s slender arms, and identified their fate and existence, through sunshine and gloom, through calm and tempest, in life and in death. These sympathies are exquisitely interesting even in the vegetable world: how much more so, then, in the animal! and especially in that

great work of the Creator which he has deigned to stamp with His image !

Unions, thus formed, promise great permanence, for a similarity of dispositions will naturally occur between them ; and the one being becomes absolutely necessary to the other. Time, also, so familiarizes the features of one to the other, that their homeliness may become as dear as beauty might be to the mere sensualist ; for the jewel of affection is in the heart and mind, and they may fairly say that “ they have that within which passeth show.”

But when I see a showy coxcomb stuck by the side of an old hag, in his chariot, barouche, or curricie, looking down upon her with contempt and disgust, or wearing the expression of a hoax in legible characters on his features, as much as to say, — “ This old fool brought me her weight in gold ;” or, “ this compound of ugliness and vulgarity paid a plum for my pretty person and title :” —

when I behold such a mean wretch, with his eye ready to wink at a companion in extravagance or in profligacy; when I mark his sneering at the unfortunate dotard who has the honour to pay his debts, to pension his cast-off mistresses, to support a present favourite, in the first style of fashionable keeping; to pamper his fanciful appetites, and to enable him to revel in vice and in prodigality, I always consider him as nothing more than a successful swindler.

We sometimes see an affected condescension, an unnatural politeness in the *ménage* of such a man; but the counterfeit is easily detected.

The young husbands of aged, deformed and hideous women (married as they generally are from want or from avarice) are all contemptible, because they must be knaves; and if neither interest nor any of the legitimate ties already mentioned be the motive, they must be fools.

On the other side, where old age, decrepitude, or deformity, is on the side of the man,—when a title, a splendid equipage, a magnificent establishment, a fortune, or a jointure is the thing actually married, the man being only the instrument of conveyance, legitimate prostitution is the real term for the contract—the indecent barter of modesty, the market-like disposal of youth and beauty, for gold, diamonds, and costly clothes.

Beauty attracts beauty, and is best paired with it. The spring and summer, or the summer and autumn of life, are meet companions: but December and June will never do. Yet we see, at our routs, balls, and public places, many couples which are in these respects paired but not matched; and legions of wedded fashionables who marry for a coronet, for a mantle, for a strong box, or for a license to intrigue with more safety, and less exposure.

These arrangements and speculations, however, offend not the easy eye of quality. A smile may play on the face of an Exquisite, on seeing his friend tied to a haggard partner with a lot of money ! but he will consider him as a d—d prudent fellow, in retrieving the ruin of his estate by such a speculation ; whilst the fashionable rake, on viewing the jewelled sacrifice at the shrine of Mammon, will coolly say that she is a delightful creature, and consider her as fair game in the market of seduction. *O tempora ! O mores !* Better, much better, to remain in single blessedness, like

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N° LXXIII.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

GOLDSMITH.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

WE are all more or less the creatures of habit, and nature has wisely formed us such. Our brief existence would be still more restless than it is, if we were incessantly catching at novelties, rejecting former impressions, changing our ideas and our affections, and dwelling on nothing steadily.

I remember a worthy aunt of mine, who, in my early years resided at Bristol. She lived on a very sharp declivity, and kept her family chariot; her coachman, who had

driven his aged mistress and her superannuated horses thirty years (he being himself an antique), came with her to London, where force of habit made him lock the wheel of the carriage in Portland Place, and in the finest level streets of the town. This may be considered as a mere mechanical operation: but I am now about to speak of an example more interesting, and more connected with affection and with sentiment.

I had the good fortune, some years ago, to pass the autumn at Lady W—C—'s, the hospitality of whose roof is almost proverbial in her own country. Ease, amiability, friendship, and good-breeding, are the strong characteristics which mark her distinguished path in life; but her roof is hallowed, above all, by unaffected piety and unostentatious charity. Any one who has breathed the air of her elegant retreat, must be perverse and incorrigible indeed, if he gained not an increase of

philanthropy, and felt not in peace with the world. The dove is not gentler than the owner of the mansion; the sun is scarcely warmer than the heart which there sheds its kindly influence upon all around it.

An ample fortune and much order enable her Ladyship to live in a superior style, and to draw round her a circle of well chosen, esteeming, and esteemed friends; so that I date the time passed at her estate as one of the happiest eras of my life.

The season to which I am alluding was peculiarly fine, and our party very numerous at —— House. We had amongst us lords and ladies, authors, men of science, foreigners, and pretty women; we had also a physician and a priest; all of whom were accustomed to meet each other, and agreed so admirably together, that never was an acquaintance commenced at Lady W—C—'s which was not perpetuated,—which grew not into a friend-

ship; indeed to meet a person there was a panegyric on the character so met.

The plan of her house was, that every body should pursue his favourite amusements after breakfast, and unite for the evening at the dinner table. A well chosen library, a bath, a billiard room, were all resources in bad weather, and the former to the studious guests at all times. Horses and carriages, guns, nets, rods, a pleasure boat and a beautiful garden, were the fair weather attractions. Her Ladyship always left us for her study, her domestic arrangements, and the visiting of her sick and pensioners; but she was the gayest of us after dinner, either in the music room, or at a round game of cards.

Year after year the same agreeable party (with trifling variation) met there, so that the servants knew every guest's place at table; the cover was regularly laid for them, their bed-rooms and dress-

ing rooms bore their numbers, and every thing moved like clock-work in the house. I myself fell into this habit, and I should have been at a loss in a different chair, or had I not found the same right and left-hand neighbours by me at the friendly, festive board. No where did such perfect liberty reign as in this peaceful mansion.

At the dinner hour, we all looked for each other from custom, smiled at the usual proximity, felt a kind of property in our seats, and a belonging to (if I may be allowed the expression) her Ladyship and family. The delay in appearance of any one member of the social knot caused a momentary looking round, blended with a light tinge of melancholy; the opening of the folding doors which announced their arrival enlarged every eye, flushed the cheek, raised the smile, and circulated a pleasurable look and feeling.

The cold heart that never has experienced all this, may marvel at it; but the friendly bosom which has indulged the sensation can explain and appreciate it well. "You are rather late," would Lady W— sometimes say, with a peculiar air of interest, to some one of the party; "I was fearful that my Lord would have detained you to dinner at the Priory, and then our party would have been incomplete;" for she seemed quite like the mother of all under her roof.

Amongst our many guests, there was one gentleman in particular, whom I shall content myself with calling a man of the world. He had travelled a great deal, but had preserved his intrinsic national worth, and his genuine benevolence, in every country and clime which he had visited. He was full of wit, gallantry, and anecdote; but his wit was sweetened by humanity and good sense; his gallantry was full

of respect ; and his anecdotes were always new, always in place. Not to offend, was his chief study ; to please was natural to him, and cost him nothing. In wit, he acted completely up to the useful lesson furnished by Young in his Satires.

What though wit tickles ? tickling is unsafe
If still 'tis painful whilst it makes us laugh :
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart ?"

In every thing else he was the finished gentleman, and was, moreover, a leading favourite of the fair sex ; without appearing to me to pay particular attention to any one female, so as to give offence to another by too marked a preference, or to draw the eye of observation upon the object of such undivided interest.

After a sojourning of many weeks at — House, he was summoned abroad on business of much importance. He felt unequal to taking leave, and he therefore

left a very elegant feeling little poem behind him, which was afterwards read to the circle.

On the day of his departure, our hemisphere lowered a little; the hour of dinner arrived; the servant had laid the same number of covers; we all took our places;—his was unoccupied. No one ventured to fill it; each hung back as if unworthy; all cast a wistful eye at the vacant chair,—a general silence ensued; his two neighbours of the day before looked peculiarly dejected. I thought, in the countenance of one, a lady of much beauty and merit, that I discovered something tenderer than the regrets of friendship. The other neighbour, a commander of Malta, who spoke English perfectly, and was a most entertaining man, raised his shoulders gently and heaved a sigh—"he is no more amongst us," was the meaning of this expression; we all caught the infection and felt sad, when her Ladyship motioned the

servant to remove the chair, and we sat down in a solemn silence, which remained unbroken for some seconds.

Had Lady W—— C—— done any thing but direct the seat to be removed, the effect had been incomplete; but this was a silent testimony of worth, of distinction, and of regret: we all participated in the feeling. The silence was broken by Lord——'s saying something peculiarly handsome of our absent friend, and regretting in very graceful language the chasm in our friendly circle. This gave a temporary relief; and the usual hospitality and urbanity reigned at our board. After dinner his health was proposed, and no inconsiderable portion of conversation turned on the subject of his merit.

Never was I so aware of the importance of an amiable disposition as on this occasion. What universal suffrage did he obtain! How delightful must it be for him to

learn at a future period our attachment and our regret! How strong, how delightful are the sympathies which the all-wise Creator has planted in the human breast, which make the joys and the sorrows of our fellow man part of ourselves, which make us present in absence, alive in memory for years of separation,—which cheer us through the otherwise lone vale of life; nay, which glow in our veins, and survive when time is to us no more.

These reflections are interesting, but they lead us among doubts and perplexities which are never willingly dwelt upon by

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° LXXIV.

IMITATION AND AFFECTATION.

15

Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ.

HORAT.

IMITATION AND AFFECTATION.

IMITATION is the copy of nature ; whilst affectation is its caricature.

From the former we collect all that is necessary for our intercourse with mankind ;—decency, decorum, civility, the manners of the world ; expression to aid, and language to clothe sentiment ; persuasion to seek what modest nature demands, and dexterity to perform the various offices of life. From the latter we borrow all unnatural gesture, shrug and pantomimic action, all extravagant motion, *hauteur*, superciliousness, abject or false smiles, the

sneer, the titter, the ogle and the languish. These constitute what the French (and they are excellent judges of such matters) call *des fausses manières, un faux ton, des manières empruntées*.

Now we must allow that every copy borrows from the original; but in imitation it is a loan of necessity, a frugal taking of what we want for present use, and for the benefit of society and of ourselves; a social contract, the better to carry us through life. The assumption of affectation is quite different: we not only borrow what we do not want, but usurp or assume that which is unnatural, superfluous, useless, and unbecoming; like a man who borrows a coat because the trimming of it is costly or fantastical, without considering whether it will fit him, whether he will not be strangely and awkwardly confined in it, or lost in its unbecoming volume. An affected person assumes or usurps a tone, a manner, an

air, a look, a style and deportment, without reflecting whether it suits his age, habit, and state, his complexion, features, and circumstances; and without sufficiently considering whether the last wearer was rendered agreeable or ridiculous, made an object of admiration or of contempt.

It too often happens that the thing borrowed was itself a counterfeit; and how much more disgraceful must it appear at second-hand! Extreme haughtiness and pride in a prince tends only to make him disliked; a private individual may be kicked for it. Condescension is amiable when we receive it from the wise or great; but from the trifier or upstart it ceases to be what is intended, and makes him an object of disgust and contempt.

Sportiveness may sit upon the brow and play in the manner of youth! but it scarcely becomes the middle age; and in the evening of life it is contemptible. Taking the lead is the province of the illustrious,

but it is reprehensible in those of inferior degree.

Quitting, however, the general principles of factitious and borrowed manners, let us descend to the minuter detail of affectation, and we shall there see that the thing which we affect is generally in itself unworthy of imitation, and often decidedly a defect.

A prince, for instance, bridles his head, views you up and down, winces in his cravat like an uneasy horse in his collar, or tosses about the capital of his eminence like the feathered drawer of a hearse, or the bridled-in and caparisoned war-horse of a theatre. It is an acquired bad habit, an inelegant inclination, a false notion of pride and dignity: but no one dares to tell him of it. The first lordling who is presented at court assumes this trick and imitates his prince. The latter sees this, and rejoices at the servility or conceit of my lord; and straight the drawing room

looks like an assemblage of nodding Mandarins upon a chimney-piece.

His Grace, who is considered the cream of elegance, has a trick of twisting about the hair on his forehead, of playing with a favourite lock, or of running two or three of his fingers through the brushwood which grows on a barren soil. Young Clumsy from college meets his Grace at a county dinner ; and straight is he finger-combing his hair until every one laughs at him.

Lord Ladybird is very near-sighted, and with his jaw underhung—very conceited, very obtrusive, of bad morals, and continually thrusting his chin into every female's face. A dandy ape, however, sees my lord every where welcome ; and immediately he not only thrusts in his nose where he is unwelcome, but protrudes his chin with it almost in contact with you. He is disgusting to old and young ; he is the

caricature of caricatures ; but he is incorrigible.

A foolish boy, by getting into a fashionable regiment, and spending a large fortune in two or three years, brings himself into fashion. He then becomes deeply involved in debt, and is more in vogue than ever,—quite the *go*. He is full of defects, laughs like his brother donkey's braying, swears at every sentinel, takes snuff every two minutes, smells of musk and tobacco, and drawls out his words like a creaking door ; yet a score of half-fledged hussar cornets take him for their prototype, and you will see a dozen handsome young men covered with snuff, and getting themselves laughed at for imitating him.

Nor is the softer sex much more exempt from these ill-judged defective imitations. 'What is the fashion,' or what Lady So-and-so does, or what came last from Paris, or what is quite foreign, is the taste ; in-

stead of what is natural, what modesty does, what came from ripened judgment at home, or what is most popular and becoming.

Lady Frances Fidget has a trick of hitting the palm of her hand rapidly with her fan, as if she was always in a state of extreme impatience. Nothing can be more foolish; yet has her ladyship many imitators.

The Duchess of Fascinate has a way of looking stedfastly, languishingly, and pensively for a moment before she speaks, as if she were absent. The thing is studied before a Psyche mirror; every attitude is fixed; every breath drawn by calculation; the time of the admiring listener's suspense is determined to a nicety; but she is lovely, and the trick captivates. Yet, when it is attempted by Miss Longshanks, violently pitted with the small-pox, and with a mouth like a post-office receiver, it be-

comes the most disgusting thing imaginable.

The all amiable Mrs. Courtly, from strained attention, anxious politeness, and a successful *désir de plaire*, seems to bestow more than ordinary attention on what you say to her, and has acquired a *fausse manière* of opening her eye in the form of surprise, and of crying “Prodigious!”—Mrs. Cochineal, the alderman’s wife, must needs follow this favourite of fashion; and all is alike “Prodigious!” when one sees nothing prodigious but the lady’s own weight and rotundity.

Lady Bellamy has an arch look, which the old Countess of Morelove affects so unfortunately, that she leers, and has the appearance of an antiquated cyprian trying to lure a man to some improper place. But there is no counting these examples. The empty coxcomb who assumes importance is like the soap-suds blown into a

bubble by a child. It swells, and tumifies, and expands its flimsy substance, until it suddenly comes to nothing. The man who affects wit, and has nothing but impertinence to substitute in its place, passes off, knowingly, base coin on the community, and is a culprit in the eye of the laws of honour and civilization. The would-be imitative orator, who vents his *galimatias* for the sake of self-praise, is a maniac of a minor order. Regimen and confinement would be very useful to him; and the dispensing with the straight waistcoat is all the favor which would be granted to him by

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Nº. LXXV.

TRIFLERS.

**Their only labour was to kill the time,
And labour dire it was, and weary woe.**

THOMSON.

TRIFLERS.

TIME is so generally regarded as a detested foe, that his destruction is the leading object of half the world. "What shall I do *to kill time?*" exclaims an Insipid to his vacant-headed companion. "Will you lounge for half an hour, to get rid of *time?*" says a Dandy. "Let us look into Tattersall's,—although I neither want to buy nor sell," proposes the idle ruffian, "merely *to kill time.*"—"How goes *the enemy?*" inquires the perfumed soldier, before whom that enemy is flying with all

his wings.—“What, only four!” drawls out the *débauché*, “what shall we do (laying heavy emphasis on the *shall*) to fill up the time until dinner?”

This superabundance of time may probably be occupied in shopping; in looking at lodgings, without an idea of taking them; in turning over goods, or examining horses and carriages without a thought of buying; or perhaps it may be sworn away in ill-humour at the unsuccessful gaming table, yawned out at a fashionable sale, or drivelled away in useless and unmeaning morning calls. It may be prostituted in talking profligate and poisonous nonsense to stray females; or consumed in hooking and angling for loose fish, with (to quote the admirable description of this sport) “a worm at one end of the line and a fool at the other;” or in riding, not for exercise, but for show, up and down the streets;—but it is all to kill time.

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Alas ! these time-killers seem not to be at all aware that the enemy is too powerful for them ; that by his retreat he only wiles them into an ambuscade ; and that he who murders time, stops not there, but concludes by suicide : for he only assails his opponent, the more quickly to destroy himself. Is time a void so insupportable to a rational being, that he cannot fill it up with something useful and productive ?

Not to touch (for we trench not upon homilies) on the guilty and foolish pursuits of great men, so closely linked together in crime and folly ; we cannot help pitying a large proportion of beings, whose hours are made up of tricks, habits, and nothings, worse than children's play ; and who appear as if they would turn melancholy mad on account of the weight of time, had not other silly men invented countless irrational playthings and pastimes, no-wise superior to the straws and feathers, the bells and rattles of imbecile infants,

the fly-catching of the poor idiot, or the gambols of a kitten tossing about a paper ball.

What a fearful quantity of time is occupied by long toilets, protracted banquets, and unenjoyed evenings' amusements ! How many drowsy drones crawl to their sofas in an afternoon, attitude themselves for half an hour before the glass, sicken over a long, late breakfast, cast the half-opened filmy eye over the insipidities of a Morning Paper, but half understanding even these ; waste the remnant of daylight until they are too late for dinner, and make a peevish toilette before a looking-glass which shews them the premature furrows of time, or the early snow of an ill-spent life.

What an age at dinner ! How hacknied every remark there ! How much disease is eaten and drunk on this occasion ! Then may the fopling come in at a last ballet, a concluding act of a play, or at the twink-

ling short hours of an evening party, too stupid and lazy for inquiring what is going on, and as troublesome to others at the close of his day (which is the early part of the morn) as he was troublesome to himself, and a dead weight on society at its commencement. A heavy, or feverish sleep ensues ; after which, reading a novel or a book of scandal in bed is not deemed too much, to recruit his languid form and to feed his *tædium vitæ*. Add to these twelve the four hours of two toîlets, and perhaps six of a dinner, they leave him just two blank hours of life to lounge and get rid of by the afternoon's irrationality.

There are, it is true, more amiable triflers than these, who are also time-killers ; but their pursuits, though more active, are equally pernicious. There are the dangles after beauty, who fawn and pur away the reputations of lovely novices. There are your anglers for hearts, and coquets, who pass

the day in dressing, and the night in dissipation and intrigue.

Such are the prey to an insupportable *ennui* in the decline of life, when faded charms deprive their love of his arrows, and when they are consigned to pass their candle-light hours at a card table, and to quack or to drink themselves into a half delirious state, until the taper and the gaming board again call forth their degraded old age.

There is, lastly, a class of beings who pretend that they spend their time in a manner conducive to health, and every way rational : but analyze their career, and see, for a moment, whether it contains any thing more useful, or more truly wise, than what we have already detailed? There are your sportsmen,—for of turf men and gamesters by profession nothing need be said : the nightly plunderers who meet in lone places, or in houses of guilt, in order

to concert their plans of rapine, are little beyond these time-killers in crime: they are all, in the eyes of justice, convicted or undetected felons.

But to return to the pride of the sporting field. His days of what he calls rational pastime are often divided into running the risk of breaking his neck for one third of that day, in chasing some timid, unoffending quadruped, as well entitled as himself to consume the produce of the earth; another third is either spent over the bottle and the banquet, with no more conversation than what the dogs have furnished him with; or is snored away over a roasting fire, his leg lying in his lady's lap, or his empty head reclined upon a sofa. If drunk, excessive sleep occupies the third portion: if sober, he may have an additional hour or two to read the newspaper, the Racing Calendar, or his steward's account.

On blank days he is a torment to himself and family ; but he has the resource of drugging himself or his cattle, of calomelizing his own corpus or that of a dog. He may hag or dock a poney, or bait a fish-hook, or make flies for fishing. But is this living ?

If the world were generally composed of such beings, to what purpose would science unfold her ample page ? How would wisdom and philosophy, genius and philanthropy, pine upon earth ! Even as it is, they are neglected, and, comparatively speaking, but little known ; but to time-killers they are a dead letter.

It may, perhaps, seem too severe to pass this censure on what are deemed harmless idlers ; but idlers cannot be harmless, any more than fools can be innocent. The want of wisdom makes a man dangerous both to himself and to others : the time-killer must be both.

Nor have I taken into the account of wasted time the inordinate smoking, snuff-taking, and driving gentry; the loiterers at a sparring school, and the encouragers of mankind to destroy each other; the stupid solitary insects, who sit for hours with a pipe or a cigar in their mouth for want of thought, who sip over a glass of grog for a night, or are the listless spectators of men's various methods of self-destruction by gaming, drinking, driving, boxing; in short, by killing that time which never for a moment lies heavy on the hands of the

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Nº LXXVI.

HIGHLAND SPORTING.

K 5

Dear to the peasant's heart his fire-side blaze,
And floor new swept to greet his glad return;
And dear the welcome of his child, and dog
Fawning to share his favour, still bestowed
Upon the climbing infant : sweet meanwhile,
His only guest, the redbreast, wakened, trills
A summer-carrol short, then 'neath his wing,
In trust implicit, veils his little head.

GRAHAM.

HIGHLAND SPORTING.

MY readers will probably recollect the warmth with which I spoke, in one of my former lucubrations, of a visit which I once paid in Scotland, and of the pleasurable feelings with which the retrospect of it occasionally cheered a solitary reverie. They will not, therefore, be surprised to learn that I was very glad, last autumn, to make the fashionable rage for moor-game an excuse for retracing my steps among scenery, which had made a lasting impression upon my imagination, among a people whose virtues were indelibly traced upon

my heart, by the hand of gratitude, the most delightful of remembrancers.

I found a "plentiful scarcity" of birds, for I arrived late upon the ground, and the tents of the great had been pitched long before mine, in open hostility to the poor inhabitants of their native hether. The murderous tubes of the descendants of the MacDuffs, the rifles of the tartaned chiefs, the double barrels of a legion of strangers, had all preceded me in depopulating the feathered tribe; but what was lost in sport was, every where, made up to me in hospitality: open doors and open hearts met me at every turn; and I had every reason to be pleased with a nearer acquaintance with the land which produced a Burns, a Thomson, a Graham, a Scott, a Campbell, and a Ferguson.

To paint the lake scenery would require an abler pen than mine. Never did I see a finer alliance of the beautiful and sublime; never did I contemplate the works of nature

with more delight ; having before me all that the combination of lofty mountains, wild woods, and abrupt cataracts could produce of the latter ; and all that crystal lakes, purling streamlets, gilded prospects, picturesque views, sunny skies, and blooming hether could display of the former. I had a letter of introduction to a hospitable Highland chief ; and he insisted upon passing me from friend to friend, each vying with the other, not only in kindly entertaining me, but in as kindly detaining me, until the hoary winter had advanced so far forward, that I determined to wait until spring ; and to get some snipe shooting, &c. in the intermediate time.

A snowy day is very favourable for the tracking of hares ; and I set out, with sanguinary intent, with a number of small spaniels for the water-fowl, greyhounds coupled, two double-barrelled guns, a Highlander with a long pole to beat the bushes, my own two domestics with pro-

visions, a shooting poney, and as much apparel as if I had been taking the field against an army. The day was beautiful, but brief. The sun's smile was like that of the great, short and uncertain; and his warmth, like that of declining passion, gleaming and transitory. The streaked horizon and the twinkling of the fading light soon warned us to withdraw. An immense expanse of silvery heath lay before us; and we retreated as precipitately as possible.

From amidst "the lang yellow broom," the whins of high stature, and the sober coloured *brechin*, bespangled with the gems produced by the dew, rose the spiral smoke in a calm and cloudless sky. But as we gained on the rustic retreat whence it proceeded, the air became cold and more active, and the vapour ascended curling more rapidly. We gained the humble dwelling. I hesitated a moment. "Chap," said my Highland attendant, "they'll be

sure to let you in; ye'll be as welcome as their ane sels." "That's a great deal, MacGregor," said I; "that's a volume of truth, of kindness and of hospitality. When man opens his door and his bosom to his fellow-man, he has fulfilled an important duty."

I now entered the cabin, and saw before me the head of the numerous family. I informed him that I would claim his hospitality for a few hours, whilst I sent for my dog-cart, in which I proposed returning to my friend's house. "Surely," said Donald; the word being elongated so as to prove to me that he was in earnest; that he was surprised I should doubt his warmth and kindness for a moment; and that I might rely on a Highlander and trust my life to him: so I understood him. MacGregor said something to him in Gaelic about the Sassenach or Saxon, and all were in motion to welcome me. The bottle was brought, in order to remove all coldness

and dryness, and my honest hostess tasted first, according to the Highland custom. Eggs, mutton, ham, dried salmon and bannocks were speedily prepared for myself and my attendants, with whiskey, the best I ever tasted.

What surprised me most was the coolness of my host, in going on with his family arrangements. "Read your lesson to the stranger, Jessy," said the father; and at the word stranger the child made a low curtesy, in which there was more of respect and of sincerity than in the lowest reverence, the most graceful inclination, or the profoundest obeisance at Court. Here Jessy brought a chapter in the Bible to me, and read it very distinctly. Her mother, who is an Inverness-woman, was her instructress, and even her accent was good. Rorie now came, and rehearsed in Gaelic a song from Ossian.

At this moment my dog-cart came up, and I was preparing to go; but first I

thought it right to give my kind friends a couple of brace of birds and a hare. I lifted up my game bags. The slaughter had been great. "Eh! Eh! puir birdies," cried the host and hostess together, "you have had a sad day o't!" Something of wounded humanity, indescribable, brought a pang into my bosom, and a swelling sensation, which expressed sorrow and humiliation at the same time. Instead of admiring my feats, these good people were all sorrow for the victims to my amusement.

I mounted my dog-cart and went off, but not without carrying a moral with me. My whole day's occupation had been the mispending of time. I had benefited my own species in no way whatever, and had been spreading terror, dismay, and death, far and near, amongst the innocent birds of the air; whilst the husbandman had been plying his useful labour abroad, and at home was promoting the cause of humanity, and sowing the seeds of knowledge. Mine

was a work of death ; his, that of life. I was the destroyer ; he the receiver of the roofless and unprotected. There was no manner of parallel. I blushed for myself, and resolved to be, during my future excursions, not a destroying Nimrod, but a

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THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT.

What is the worst of ills that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth as I am now.

BYRON.

Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Plucked from the wing of human vanity.

YOUNG.

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT.

It has been said, as a reproach to the Scotch, that their migrations fill the whole world; that in all the varied regions of the earth you find some of their plants; that the shoots of their large and ancient family trees are transplanted, and take growth in the opposite temperatures of the torrid and of the frigid zone.

From this many an illiberal reflection has arisen; nay, some severe and many lying verses have been composed, which stand as a monument of their author's

injustice—of his want of candour, and disregard of truth; for instance,

“ Had Cain been Scotch, Heaven had revers’d his doom,

“ Nor made him wander, but have sent him home.”

The Caledonian has been compared to his national thistle, which requires no particular culture, and which lives and flourishes in the midst of poverty and barrenness. The metaphor, though not a liberal one, holds good to a certain length. The Caledonian is upright, frugal, content with little here on earth, and is less troublesome in cultivation than many prouder, more gaudy, richer, and less durable plants; but we recommend to the stranger who takes him in his native simplicity to beware of handling him too roughly, or of attempting to trample on him; for there is a motto which accompanies the flower, and they are inseparable.

The fact is, that the migrating Caledonian quits his country with more regret than any other inhabitant of the civilized globe. His heart, untravelled, ever points to home. In the remotest part of the world, his mountain, his strath, his lake, his glen, his rock, and his paternal roof, are ever present to his mind. Even the red scar, the abrupt precipice, the gloomy heath, and the grey monumental cairn which teach him the tales of the days of ancient times, have the most enchanting charms for him.

Being a man of reflection, the pains and the pleasures of memory operate the more acutely on his mind; but he has a soul of fortitude, a body formed for labour and long-suffering,—a strong hope which leads him on to the most arduous enterprizes, and stimulates energies which, when roused, are astonishing. And to what do this hope, this patience, and these energies, refer? The thoughts of a return to his native

land, the encouraging expectation, after a life of hardships, of fatigues, of dangers and of difficulties, of struggles by land and sea, of warfare betwixt life and death, to lay him down amidst the purple hether and “*lang yellow broom*” of his progenitors, peacefully to close the scene in the arms of his dear parent Scotia, to recline his weary head on her maternal bosom, and “to be gathered to his forefathers.”

When, therefore, the youthful Caledonian migrates, he does not break, at parting, that filial link whose powerful chain binds him to his mother country,—he quits not the hearth of his native roof, her secret threshold and Penates, in despair, in anger, in undutifulness, or in disgust: he lingers to behold the lessening prospect of his birth-place, and engraves its dear impression on his memory, in characters indelible even by the hand of time. He preserves his affections, his duties, his relative ties, his habits, nay, even his country accent,

longer than any other tenant of the habitable globe. They have the strongest possible hold on his heart, and they preserve both it and him from corruption, and from degradation.

Does he, on his voyage through life, whistle a tune upon the deck, whose uncertain plank rides o'er the world of waters, and stands betwixt him and eternity? his air breathes the strains of his native mountains, —the language of the “fountain, shaw, or green,” where he first entered into vitality, and whose scenes were trodden by his infant feet.

Does he troll the midnight ballad, or breathe the lay which is to beguile the lingering hours? the burden of his song is, love, honour, and his country. Sleeps he in the cold bivouac, or keeps he his anxious vigil at the lone hour of night? his dream is Scotland,—his orisons are poured for his home.

Even in the battle strife, it is "home" that inspires his soul and nerves his arm. When a commanding officer wished to drive the finest body of French Grenadiers—a part of Buonaparte's select guard, from a street of Fuentes d'Honory, which strikingly resembled a well-known one at Glasgow, where many of his men had been raised, he had only to exclaim, "Lads, will ye let them keep the Gallowgate!"—and instantly the French were swept before them like the wreck before the tempest of heaven. When at Waterloo, the remnant of Scottish Royals formed the astonishing resolution of attacking, though on foot, the mass of the French Cuirassiers, it was one sentiment, one shout—"Scotland for ever!" which achieved that immortal triumph.

The numerous families of the land of the Thistle recruit, every where, our armies and our navies, or struggle in commerce,

and voyage to the extremest shores of the immeasurable ocean. But do they, like other emigrants turn their backs upon their country, embrace foreign habits and affections, deny their paternal soil, naturalize themselves any where, and becoming fixtures of any spot, cry unfeelingly, "*Ubi hene, ibi Patria!*"—No, no. Should the Caledonian expire in Pennsylvania, or end his career in Madras, you will find him a Lochaberian American or a Mid-Lothian Indian. The sun may burn his complexion, or the cold may change his features; but the complexion, the features, the stamp and character of his heart are immutable.

If, however, the Caledonian is doubly blessed, who is able to pour into the lap of an aged and infirm mother the riches of Indus, or can return from the field of fight laurelled and independent; tenfold agonizing is it to him who comes home, climate-struck and far in years, and finds all those beings on whom his heart leaned, those

objects around which his dearest and best affections twined, cut off from the living scene, blotted from life's page, torn from the record of existence. He then, in the language of our quotation, is alone on earth; lost is his travel; vain his toil; empty the sound of praise, and unavailing his repeated endeavours. The cottage in ruins, or the land let to a new tenant, cut off his dearest prospects, and consume his wasted hopes.

But, even then, he has still to console him the light of religion, which points out another country where tears are unknown, and where all breathes the climate of unfading love; or as Burns beautifully says, "where there's no dull toil and care—in the land o' the leil."—Whilst he is a sojourner in this nether world, he will recollect that our pleasures and our pains are so nearly allied, that he who enjoys most, must feel most.

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N° LXXVIII.

DISAPPOINTED DONALD.

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**La reconnoissance est un faible retour, un tribut
offensant, trop-peu fait pour l'amour.**

VOLTAIRE.

DISAPPOINTED DONALD.

PERSEVERANCE is a strong characteristic of the Scot, and particularly of the Highlander. An unshaken permanence of courage and of principle supports him in the most arduous and uncertain undertakings. Like the drop of water continually falling on the huge stone, the Highlander's perseverance carries him through what would be impenetrable to another man. He sees his unequal endeavour, like the minute quantity of fluid, fall defeated again and again : the gigantic stone dissipates it in a second. Thus are the Highlander's efforts

again and again brought to nothing ; but time, and courage, and patience at length find their way through all obstacles, and make their due impression in the end.

The unwearied, immutable hardihood and industry of the Highlander is not, however, confined merely to the art of war, or to those enterprizes on which he is to build his fortune and his fame : they pervade his mind in all its motions. Hence, as a friend or a partisan he is a rock ; in love and in affection he is as immovable as his native mountains ; in honesty and in adherence, in respect and fidelity to his chief, he is a tower of strength and support. The story of disappointed Donald furnishes a faithful picture of a Highlander's persevering temper.

Donald became early enamoured of the lovely Margaret, the youngest daughter of the head of the clan's numerous family. Donald was himself not only a clansman, but a kinsman. His father had been a

captain in the army ; and the affection of the clan for their successive chiefs had for centuries known no wavering or diminution. Wherever the chief turned his views, those of Donald's family were directed to their support and furtherance. Donald was beloved by all around him, young, handsome, and brave ; but he had one fault in the eyes of the world—he was poor !

The lovely Margaret was not insensible to Donald's merit ; but she dreaded her father's anger ; and Donald dared not for his life to “ anger the Laird.* ” It was too great ambition for him to look so high without a fortune to back his pretensions ; he therefore conceived the design of selling his ensigncy, and of braving death and danger in the most unhealthy climes, in

* The story of “ Come out, Donald, and be hanged quietly, and dinna anger the Laird,” is too well known to need repetition in this place.

order to acquire that fortune which might enable him to support his chieftain's daughter in a manner suitable to her rank. Donald accordingly left the sash and gorget, the high-plumed bonnet and waving plaid, "with all the pomp and circumstance of war,"—divorced himself from a profession which was dear to his heart, and for which he seemed peculiarly fitted, to toil and drudge, to struggle with and surmount innumerable difficulties, in order to amass what might place the object of his idolatry upon the eminence he thought she deserved.

It may easily be supposed that Donald never mentioned his intentions to the Laird, but quietly and resignedly put on the galling yoke under which he was to struggle for fortune and independence. He bade adieu to the lovely Margaret. Often did poor Donald whistle to himself on his stormy passage :

" Oh ! poortith cauld, and restless love,

" Ye rack my heart between ye."

Time rolled on, and with it increased Donald's endeavours they were assiduous beyond description. To every danger he opposed the fond hope of his fair reward; to every reverse he applied added courage and augmented energy. Sickness, shipwreck, scorching heat and sleepless nights, fatigues and hardships, all yielded to his conquering love and Herculean industry. During his absence he corresponded with his beloved, and he felt a secret pride in transmitting repeated presents to his chief; being gratified to an immeasurable extent at their finding favour in his sight, and paving, as he hoped, the way to the hand of her for whom he toiled.

The period at last arrived, when, possessed of a handsome fortune, he was to return to his native shore, and to pour out his treasure on the shrine of love, — to make at the chaste altar of Hymen the

offering of a brave and spotless heart. How did the fever of expectation burn in his veins as he drew near to the British shore! His passage had been long and perilous; it was now above three months since he had heard from her whom he loved. Disembarked, he travelled night and day towards his home, his heart swelling and throbbing with exulting, yet with anxious glow.

How proudly he contemplated the fabric of his industry! how exultingly he looked over his treasure! not like the miser,—it was for one dearer than himself. How many things he thought and said, and meant to say and do! What attentions—what devotion hung on his lips, and dwelt in his imagination! How many privations had he endured for the happy moment which he thought at hand! They were repaid tenfold in his mind. What were such sacrifices for all powerful love? They

were passed, and he felt ready to endure them again and again.

Like the merchant, who sees his treasure near the shore, then founder and perish in his sight, at the very instant that he conceived it had made the land,—so Donald returned with swelling hope and aching fondness to behold Margaret—the bride of another ! What were riches now to him ? For what had he escaped shipwreck and disease ? For what had he endured heat and cold, fever, hardship and humiliation ? For what had he left that tented field to which he was an honour ?—For nothing but dire disappointment, blighted hope, and faded prospect. Margaret was grateful for his preference—but she had changed her love ; and what was gratitude to him ?—an insult to his fidelity. He accordingly sojourned but a short time in the scene of his happier youth, and then expatriated himself for life.

Instances of matchless faith and fidelity like Donald's occur most frequently in the Highlands, from the highest to the humblest classes. The poor gentleman devotes half his life to obtain wherewith to return home and to seek his reward in the arms of immutable affection. The climate-struck soldier or sailor collects his little all, after a life of hardship, for home and his sweetheart. I knew a young man, who, not daring to avow his passion for his patron's daughter, went out to India in a medical capacity; and thence, having amassed a considerable fortune, returned in order to make proposals for the object of his affections; but (not having thought it honourable to spoil her fortune by engaging her promise until he was enabled to provide nobly for her) he found her disposed of to a poor officer. Not long surviving, he left his property to her and her children.

There are, however, but few Margarets in the Highlands, though many Donalds ; for the sentiment of truth and attachment is as firm in the one sex as in the other, according to the observations of

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N° LXXIX.

THE HIGHLAND SCHOOLMASTER.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days lang syne?

BURNS.

THE HIGHLAND SCHOOLMASTER.

CHANCE led me to the old man's humble dwelling : but the impression which his benevolence made on my mind, no chance, no time, no change of age, of circumstance, or of situation, will ever have power to efface.

Losing my road in the wilds of Badenoch, I halted, and cast an anxious, fearful eye round, to see if any human being was within hail, for the veil of night was dropping over the earth, and I expected that its sable covering would soon render every object undiscernible. Never did I

more sensibly feel the dependence of one being on another ;—that beautiful practical lesson of a Heavenly Parent, who teaches us to “ love each other,”—not only from our affections, but from our mutual necessities. I looked at the horizon, and saw the last streak of light was going down. There was but the never-sleeping eye of Omnipresence open to protect the wanderer ; no light but His, who gives the traveller courage, recollection, and hope, to guide him on his lone path.

At length the welcome appearance of a fellow man shone through the twilight, for it was now what the Caledonian appropriately and descriptively calls the *gloaming*, when the hour of shadows is past, and there no longer remains the last gilded ray elongating objects.

The old man, at a distance, looked almost like a speck upon the face of darkness. His stature gradually increased by approach, in magnitude and importance.

He stepped up to me with a cheerful, confident air, whistling a strathspey, and followed by two shaggy Highland dogs, full of fidelity and intelligence. "Guid e'en to ye," said he, making a rustic bow; "ye need na' be afraid o'being benighted; for even if we were to miss the road, Whiskey and Columdubh would conduct us safe hame."

I here observed that *whiskey* had led me a sad dance, for that a generous Highlander had kept me so long at his house, taking a lunch and the cup o'better acquaintance, and then the cup o' friendship, and lastly the parting cup, that I had lost all account of time, and was apprehensive of losing my way, and of having to *bivouac* on the moor. "Hout!" cried he, with an air of disdain of care or misadventure, "ye maun juist tak a wie drap mair in my cabin the night, and a check o' mutton ham, and a muir fool wi' me, for it is quitedangerous to pass the fuird."

Blessed retirement and simplicity of manners ! true parents of friendship and of hospitality ! how base and paltry do town habits appear before ye ! In great towns, man mistrusts man. In these wilds, bleak muirs, and woods of sepulchral pine, man clings to man, every heart beats in unison, hand seeks for hand, and the links of social connexion are double locked and rivetted to each other !

I accepted the venerable old man's invitation, and partook of the hospitality of his cottage. It would be an insult to attempt to clothe in wordiness and circumlocution, his kind reception—his genuine Highland welcome. Every Highlander is hospitable, and "he maks nae words aboot it." Good cheer, good humour, honest civility, and improving converse, sweetened the hours betwixt repast and repose ; but the morning scene was what dwells most in my mind.

I had gone, in company with the school-

master's son, to look over the improvements of his very small farm, in which courtesy and gratitude taught me to take all possible interest; when, on entering his saloon, boudoir, study, library, and refectory (for they were all one and the same apartment), I saw two tall, sun-burnt, weather-beaten young men enter. The one was in the garb of old Gaul; the other had on a regimental great coat and a highland bonnet, with an eagle's feather in it.

The old man rose and gave a pure Highland shout, demonstrative of surprise and extacy, and, with electrical rapidity, the two youths had each a hand of the schoolmaster clenched in both of theirs. They shook hands heartily, and for a few seconds it was the magic eloquence of eyes, the matchless expression of silence.

At length the old man relieved his bosom by ejaculating, "Heigh! heigh! sirs, and is it ye? after seven long years o' ab-

sence, in which ye've wandered mony a weary fit! What brought ye here? and" (his face brightening with smiles and rosy health, his nerves doubly strung, his pulse dancing with the velocity of youth, and proud self-approbation crimsoning his cheek,) is it possible that ye hae come on purpose to see me?"

"Juist sae, my worthy maister," said the eldest. "Just so, my dear Domine," exclaimed the younger, with an arch and affectionate air, and tapping him sportively and kindly on the back. "Tears *rapped* down the auld man's cheeks," and again all was momentary silence.

"How's mother?" cried one of them. "Oh! brawly," replied the schoolmaster, "she'll be maist out o' her senses wi' joy to see ye: we heard that ye war killed at Talavera." "Tut!" exclaimed they simultaneously, with a manly and soldier-like expression of contempt for danger.

“Sandy got a *clink* upon’s airm, but he can wield the braid-sword yet; and as for me it seemed that bullets had no fancy for me, for plenty of them *played crack* upon comrades’ heads, but I got off *scot free*.”

“But, I say, how’s auld Syntax, the shelty?” Here the schoolmaster heaved a deep sigh. “Puir beastie!” replied he, in a subdued tone, “he is *deed*.” “*Deed!*” exclaimed the youngest warrior: “I wud nae a’ had him die for a purse o’ goud.” And here the rose twice visited and twice left his cheek. “What pranks I hae played wi’ the puir beastie!” Here he looked back to infantine days and sports, and the gravity of retrospect sat very becomingly on the front of youth. “Heigh! heigh!” concluded he, which meant, “Every thing is transitory in this nether world.”

The old man quite forgot me, and I quite forgot myself, standing in profound attentiveness and in undivided respect for the actors in this scene of sensibility. At

length, starting and apologizing, he introduced me to the two young officers, who shook me by the hand as a friend and comrade at first sight.

The old lady, the schoolmaster's wife, now entered, and a new scene of congratulation and affection followed. At length the hour of departure arrived. The old man expressed much regret at the shortness of his pupils' visit, which however was unavoidable. He conducted them forth, walking betwixt them, and linked hand in hand, bald and bareheaded, and with his silver locks whistling in the highland breeze. At length they shook hands; looked eloquently at each other, and he watched them until they were out of sight. I distinguished, in the expression of his manly features, the reminiscences of scenes of their infancy and tender years, and, as the first anacreontic writer of the age, says—

“ He gaz'd, as fond memory's vision went by,
And doubled his bliss through the tear in his eye.”

What were the young men ? his sons ?—No. His relatives ?—No. His patrons or benefactors ?—No. They merely had been his scholars in their juvenile years, and, out of respect and love for the old man, they had travelled thirty miles to see him. All the localities of their childhood were dear to them ; all the associations of past time weighed deeply in their minds. How creditable to youth this feeling ! how honourable to old age and to the old man's deserts !

Such scenes are amongst the most agreeable reminiscences of

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No. LXXX.

HIGHLAND FRIENDSHIP.

■ 3

"Manet lateri lethalis arundo."

HIGHLAND FRIENDSHIP.

THE war, which often thins the population of the mountains, called MacAlpin and MacYver into the Highland ranks. The latter was more advanced in years than the former, but they were both neighbouring mountaineers.

MacYver had at a very early age enlisted in a national corps, from the pure spirit of martial enterprize. Whenever he heard the clan-gathering strike up, his heart burned in his bosom. The undulating and swelling notes of the war-pipe carried with them his very soul and affections,

As the wild harmony of this martial instrument ascended to its highest pitch, his courage and his enterprize accompanied it; and when it reached to what may be called the phrenzy of daring, the flame of patriotism and of glory was uncontrollable within him. In its plaintive and descending notes, in its modulations of softness, or rather of wild mountain melancholy, the tear of sensibility would cheat his hardihood, and burst from his iron frame. In short, MacYver was an enthusiast in his country's cause, so that the first recruiting party which displayed the nodding plumage and the Gaelic costume, with all the pomp and circumstance of war, took his brave heart and hand with them.

Returned in laurelled pride, and well deserving of his country, weather-beaten, and bearing honourable scars, he was sent on the recruiting service to his native glen, where MacAlpin, in the flower

of youth and comeliness, enlisted under the national banner. There was a great difference between these two brothers in arms; but there was sympathy in their hearts. *Leurs cœurs étaient d'intelligence.* —Although a very opposite exterior and manner belonged to each, honour and patriotism, firmness and friendship, were engraven indelibly in both their bosoms. MacYver took a pride in being a father to MacAlpin, who in return looked up to him as his pattern and his support. A fraternal mutuality of services—a reciprocal share in dangers and in comforts, existed betwixt them. They had but one heart, one mind, one purse. But their motives for enlisting were very different: the one was induced by domestic unhappiness; the other by the thirst for glory. Their deportment was figurative of their minds. MacYver's was stern and hardy; MacAlpin's was brave, mild and melancholy. There was a secret

sorrow in his heart, which preyed upon him in his lone hours, and which alone, of all the transactions of his life, he had not confided to his comrade and brother in arms. MacYver often marvelled at the dejected air of his companion, when the occupations and dangers of the service did not occupy his whole mind and attention. He tried to probe the wound: but finding the operation as fruitless as painful, he desisted.

At length MacAlpin was wounded at the affair of ———, by his faithful friend's side. He was borne to the rear; and when the fight was done, his comrade assisted the bleeding soldier. The ball could not be extracted, and every moment increased his danger. MacYver was like one furious; he uttered execrations on the hand which had reft him of a son and brother of adoption; he struck his broadsword on the ground, and wished it had been himself! He

smothered, however, the tide of nature swelling in his bosom, for life was ebbing fast in that of his dear companion.

MacAlpin beckoned him to him, and laying his hand upon his heart, said, "comrade, a's no right there." MacYver looked rage, tenderness, wildness and despair; he bent over his beloved brother in arms, and listened with reverential awe.—"MacYver," resumed the youth with a sigh, whilst respiration got thicker every moment, "their's a puir lassie!"—Here tears interrupted him. MacYver's answered them.—"Puir Maggie!"—"Speak," cried MacYver, terrified and interested at the same time.—"I wis I had made her mine." He grew fainter.—"I ought to ha' married the lassie."—The struggle was overpowering.—"I fear that the world will look down upon her."

MacYver was distracted, but laying his brawny hand upon MacAlpin's heart, as if to arrest vitality by force, he said, in a

subdued tone, but with a decision which marked every line of his character, "I'll marry her mysel!"—"They'll look down upon her"—repeated the youth faintly.—"I should like to see the man!" cried the weather-beaten warrior with an air of defiance, "wha'd dare to look down upon MacAlpin's widow, and MacYver's wife!" The youth now looked up; speech was gone; but that look spoke more than volumes.

"Will you, brother?" was the last look; whilst MacYver, now on his knees, his hand upon his comrade's heart, and his bosom supporting his reclining head, murmured in his ear, "dear Alpin, I'll marry her mysel."

The ensuing day MacYver tasted not of food; an engagement followed the next, when he dealt his blows like one infuriated. Love, country, and revenge rang in each stroke. He survived to perform the promise made to his expiring companion.

Honorably has he acted towards the partner whom he has espoused ; and the peace of the neighbourhood and of his roof have been undisturbed ever since.

There are shades of irregularity in this faithful picture, which we neither wish to defend nor to explain ; but the general outline bears the impression of wild honour, of matchless friendship, and of true Caledonian sensibility, the value of which is well known to

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Nº LXXXI.

**A HIGHLAND REGIMENT'S
RETURN.**

When wild war's deadly blast was blown
And gentle peace returning,
And eyes wi' pleasure 'gan to beam
Which had been blear'd wi' mourning.

BURNS.

A HIGHLAND REGIMENT'S RETURN.

AMONGST the few genuine pleasures of the heart which I have enjoyed, I reckon that of having witnessed the return of a regiment to its native land at the last peace. The scene lay in the North, and Highland Donald was again the hero of the piece.

Early in the morning a great proportion of the population of the place left their homes to meet the battalion coming into town. The characters of parents, brothers and sisters, wives and children,

were easily discernible, to an observing eye. You might read in the lines of some countenances exulting certainty of embracing the object of their affection; they had received letters to announce the happy tidings, which the learned had perused themselves, and the unlearned had got communicated to them by their reading proxy, the minister and *schuil-maister*. In other faces sat the changeful evidence of hopes and fears, the colour forsaking the cheek; and the downcast eye bespoke, in some, deep anxiety and fearful foreboding, where

“ Hope feebly glimmer'd on the heart's despair.”

The tender wife or aged parent had not heard from their best beloved for years, and the chances were sadly against them; the sickle of Time, the ensanguined blade of war, and the cannons' jaws of flame, were severe trials to encounter.

The distant drum now raised every pulse,

and quickened every step; and now the merry pipe gave deeper interest; the colours at last met the inquiring eye, and caused the patriot's heart to leap in its expanding bosom. The broken veteran, the neglected pensioner, now erected their fallen crests, and marched in unison with the advancing band. They had a Donald, or an Alister to look out for in the ranks, and, may be, he might have advanced to the halberd. Then again the proud glance of a faithful wife, cast on her *bairns* on either side, informed you that they had grown and thriven in their father's absence. The receding and returning crimson of the cheek also told the story of the heart; the mind was at its utmost extent of expectation on account of Jemmie's return, and each might say, in the sweet simplicity of nature,

" I'm a'maist dizzy with the thought,

" And troth I'm like to greet."

What anticipation of pleasure to some ! what realized misery awaited others. The word of command—" *Halt* "—electrified myself, for I foresaw that tears and smiles were both preparing. Nor was I wrong—many a blank was found in life's brief page ; many an altered look marked the returning wretched one ! But let us not dwell on this ; many a kind regret too, might be observed, accompanied by a shake of the head, when a wife, or a parent had to say, " Eigh ! eigh ! man, you're sadly changed, that sad wound, or that cruel fever, has pulled ye doon sairly." Now were the men dismissed, and some paired off with happy relatives, others sought their billets and lost connections, when two circumstances attracted my attention forcibly : the one was a war-worn subaltern embracing an old man who appeared like a peasant, or a shepherd, and who looked a world of admiration on the

former, who in return held the old man's hand clenched in his, and on seeing the field officer commanding direct his eye towards him, observed, with a mixt expression of humility and love, "Colonel, this is my worth—y parent," thus dividing the word and dwelling on a father's *worth*.

do not know that ever so short a phrase took so strong a hold of my affection and approbation before. The thing was clear: bravery had elevated the officer from the ranks, and truth and honour forbade him to blush on the lowliness of the author of his existence.

The other instance was the answer of a sober-looking subaltern, of about forty, who, upon being bantered by a young captain for not wearing a gayer countenance on his return home, replied, in a very broad Scotch dialect, "Faith, it's an anxious and fearful thing to return home after twenty years' absence: one knows not what changes have taken place since.

Many a bonnie lassie must be grown old since then, and many a good fellow no more. I am almost afraid to knock at any of my old acquaintance's doors; and as for family (here he looked dejected), I have scarcely a blood relation in the world; my father died of a broken constitution, brought on by the climate of the West-Indies, my three brothers were killed in different engagements, and that broke mother's heart."—Here the young captain changed the expression of his countenance, and shook the hand of his brother in arms, with—"hang it, Charlie, don't be down-hearted, but come and take an extra bottle at the mess." Here Charlie gave a whistle. "That may do for you, laddie, *weel enough*, but I *bid* to inquire after some folk first;" so saying he paced off

"Solo e pensoso."

I now quitted the ground on which the battalion had stood, full of the idea of the

high deserts of men who like these devote their lives to the service of their King and country, and who not only are foremost in danger in the battle's heat, but have to sacrifice their dearest and tenderest interests and feelings on so many occasions, to sever themselves from ties which wind closely round the heart, and to bear up against soul-rending sympathies, and who, full often, alas! must silence the call of nature in order to obey that of stern, imperious honour. It grieves me, therefore, most exquisitely when I see the image of patience and long suffering in the person of a hoary-headed warrior, and learn, on asking his name, that he is Lieutenant So-and-so of his Majesty's Regiment, a *cadet de famille*, unable to purchase, but the eagle of a brave nest, soaring above inglorious safety, and unwilling to be invalided, and to retire thus from the service; but all life is a lottery, nor are the blanks

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reserved for the disappointed soldiers only,
they have even fallen to and have been
borne in tranquillity by

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THE END.

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